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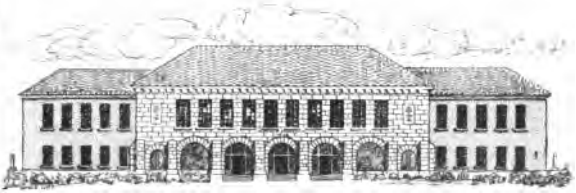

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From the painting by Faed.

WASHINGTON AT TRENTON.

STORIES OF COLONY AND NATION

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE

BY

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON, PH.D.

AUTHOR OF
"THREE COLONIAL BOYS," "THE BOYS OF OLD MONMOUTH,"
"WARD HILL AT WESTON," "A LIEUTENANT
UNDER WASHINGTON," ETC.

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Stories of Colony and Nation

The War for Independence
By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON
Illustrated. 184 pp.

The War of 1812
By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON
Illustrated. (In preparation)

Lads and Lassies of Other Days
By LILLIAN M. PRICE
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The Building of the Nation
By LUCY E. L. TAYLOR
Illustrated. (In preparation)

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PREFACE

If it is true, as has been claimed by some of our most eminent writers, that "the history of any nation is the story of its great men," then it becomes incumbent upon every one who would know the history of his own country to become familiar not only with the deeds that were done, but also with the men who did them. Certain it is that the element of biography is recognized to-day as never before.

In some parts of our land it is the custom for a teacher on a half holiday to take her pupils to the scenes of historical interest in the vicinity, and tell them the stories and recount the deeds of the heroes and heroines who lived and labored there. The custom has much to commend it. There are other parts of the country, however, where heroic deeds were enacted, which have been ignored or forgotten.

The character of the War for Independence lends itself most readily to the interest and inspiration of the heroic in the individual. Carefully prepared campaigns were not frequent; it was rather the struggle of a scattered people for their ideals of life and liberty. In that war, the part which the lonely farmer and isolated patriot took has never been fully recognized.

This book is an attempt on the part of the writer to bring before the minds of the boys and girls of the present some of the deeds of their forefathers, — the price that was paid for the liberties which we enjoy. The stories are true. If they shall prove to be interesting and lead to a more careful reading of the history of the early days, the labor will not have been in vain. More than dates or even facts are the deeds and lives of the heroic men and women who have dared and suffered.

For the privilege of incorporating certain of the stories in this book, the writer desires to express his gratitude to *The Outlook*, *The Youth's Companion*, *The Independent*, *The Churchman*, *The Interior*, *The Congregationalist*, *The Standard*, *The Christian Endeavor World*, *Forward*, and to the S. S. McClure Company.

EVERETT T. TOMLINSON.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

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HOW GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS MADE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

JOHN ADAMS was pacing up and down the street in front of the building in Philadelphia in which the Continental Congress had assembled for its second session. It was in June, 1775. The hour of meeting had not yet arrived, and before he entered the hall the serious-minded member from Massachusetts was evidently striving to collect his thoughts and to prepare for the exciting events of the day. His hands were clasped behind him and his head was bowed, as if he was entirely oblivious of the beautiful morning.

His meditations were interrupted by the approach of his cousin, Samuel Adams, who, as he hailed him, said, "What is the topic with you this morning?"

"Oh, the army, the army," replied John Adams. "I am determined to go into the hall this morning and enter upon a full detail of the state of the colonies, in order to show an absolute need of taking some decisive steps. My whole aim shall be to induce Congress to appoint a day for adopting the army as the legal army of these United Colonies of North America, and then to hint at my selection of a commander-in-chief."

"Well," said Samuel Adams, "I like that, Cousin John; but on whom have you fixed as that commander?"

"I will tell you. George Washington, of Virginia, a member of this house."

"Oh!" replied Samuel Adams, in surprise, "that will never do, never!"

"It must do. It *shall* do, and for these reasons."

John Adams then proceeded to explain to his cousin the exact condition of the country. For the success of the cause, it was absolutely necessary that the men of the middle and the southern colonies should be heart and hand with those of the eastern. The American army, made up largely of New England men and led by a New England commander, General Artemas Ward, was then in Cambridge, Mass. Already some of the men from the other sections of the country were holding back and protesting against the prominence which the New England men were taking, and apparently were disposed to hold. As a means for holding all together, the only course seemed to lie in the selection of a commander-in-chief from outside the eastern colonies, thereby binding all sections into one mass, a mass that John Adams declared would then be irresistible.

JOHN ADAMS.

Samuel Adams listened thoughtfully to his cousin's words, and then suggested that the devotion of the eastern men to General Ward would be a serious obstacle to such a selection. He recounted the distinguished serv-

ices of Artemas Ward, his scholarship (he was a graduate of Harvard College), his success in the French and Indian War, and the esteem in which he was universally held. He alluded also to the well-known ambition of John Hancock to be selected for the important position.

John Hancock's claims were lightly put aside by John Adams, who had slight love for his colleague, as is well known. Then he willingly agreed to all that his cousin had said in favor of Artemas Ward, but he still clung to his purpose to have Colonel Washington chosen. He referred to the prominent part he had played in the wars of the colony, to his well-balanced mind and experience, which more than atoned for his lack of scholastic training, and to the marked confidence which all sections of the country had in his manhood and integrity.

After a further conversation, Samuel Adams yielded and promised to "second the motion," and the men together then entered the hall and seated themselves in the assembly which had now convened.

John Adams soon took the floor, and in one of his most impassioned speeches urged the adoption of the army by the Congress. He himself was ready, he declared, "to arm the army, appoint a commander, vote supplies, and proceed to business."

Fears and objections were raised by some of his hearers, and then with a warmth he could not conceal, Mr. Adams again rose and said: "Gentlemen, if this Congress will not adopt this army, before ten moons have set, New England will adopt it, and she will undertake the struggle alone! Yes, with a strong arm and clear conscience she will front the foe single-handed!"

His burning words swept away all opposition, the time for the vote was fixed, and then after a heated debate the army was adopted.

The next problem was the selection of a commander for the army, which now was no longer "a mob of rebels," but belonged to the United Colonies of North America. Naturally all again looked to John Adams to lead — and he was ready. On the appointed day, he rose and began his speech. First he entered into a eulogy of General Ward, and bestowed upon him such words of praise as must have satisfied his most ardent supporters. Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he paused for a moment before he added, "But this is not the man I have chosen."

The scene was intensely dramatic, and the eyes of all the assembly were fixed upon the speaker. At his right was seated George Washington, clad in his uniform of a Virginia colonel; and he, too, was leaning forward, eager to hear the name of the man whom John Adams would propose.

In a quieter manner, Mr. Adams then went on to portray the qualifications which the new commander must have. Becoming more eloquent as he proceeded, he finished his speech with these words: "Gentlemen, I know these qualifications are high, but we all know they are needful at this crisis in this chief. Does any one say they are not to be obtained in this country? In reply I have to say, they are; they reside in one of our own body, and he is the person whom I now nominate, — GEORGE WASHINGTON OF VIRGINIA."

The startled Washington, as he heard the words, leaped

to his feet and rushed into an adjoining room. The entire body sat silent and astonished. In the midst of the silence, Samuel Adams, acting upon a promise he had previously given his cousin, rose and moved for an adjournment, in order that time for consultation and deliberation might be had. The motion prevailed, and the assembly was at once dismissed.

Doubtless there were many conferences between the members of the Congress which no historian has ever preserved for us; but on June 15, Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, rose and formally nominated George Washington to be the commander-in-chief of the American army, and he was unanimously elected to the position.

In the presence of the Congress and in response to the formal declaration of his election by the president, John Hancock, George Washington stood and made the following response: "Mr. President, Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me in this appointment, yet I feel great distress from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service and for the support of their glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation. But, lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in this room that I this day declare with the utmost sincerity I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, sir, I beg leave to assure the Con-

gress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept the arduous employment at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS ELECTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge; and that is all I desire."

Simple and sincere as his speech of acceptance was, perhaps the true feelings of Washington found expression in the letter he wrote his wife on the following day:

"You may believe me, my dear Patsy [his pet name for Martha Washington], when I assure you in the most solemn manner that, so far from seeking the appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from the consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity; and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad if my stay were to be seven times seven years."

Profoundly moved by the modest address of the newly elected commander, the Congress at once appointed Richard Henry Lee, Edward Rutledge, and John Adams a committee to draft a commission and instructions for the new general; and four days afterward, the following commission was given George Washington: —

"*To George Washington, Esq.*, — We, reposing special trust and confidence in your patriotism, valor, conduct, and fidelity, do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be general and commander-in-chief of the army of the United Colonies and of all forces now raised or to be raised by them, and of all others who shall voluntarily offer their services and join said army for the defense of American liberty and repelling every hostile invasion thereof; and you are hereby vested with full power and authority to act as you shall think for the good and welfare of the service. And we do hereby strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command to be obedient to your orders, and diligent in the exercise of their several duties. And we do also enjoin and

require you to be careful in executing the great trust reposed in you, by causing strict discipline and order to be observed in the army, and that the soldiers be duly exercised and provided with all convenient necessaries.

THE "WASHINGTON ELM," CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

UNDER THIS TREE
WASHINGTON
FIRST TOOK COMMAND
OF THE
AMERICAN ARMY
JULY 3D, 1775

And you are to regulate your conduct in every respect by the rules and discipline of war (as here given you), and punctually to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from

this or a future Congress of these United Colonies, or committee of Congress. This commission is to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

[Signed] "JOHN HANCOCK, *President.*"

Washington was forty-three years of age at the time. The commission was afterwards preserved in a glass case in the capital of the nation.

On June 21, General Washington, as he then became, started from Philadelphia for the camp of the army at Cambridge. All along the long march he was greeted enthusiastically, and upon arriving at the camp itself on July 2, he was received with joyful demonstrations. A cannon salute was fired in his honor, although the soldiers had but scant supply of powder.

Any nation might well feel proud to enroll such a man among its heroes, and it was a fortunate thing indeed for America that George Washington was born in the New World, instead of in the Old.

A PATRIOT MOTHER

"I HAVE come to the end. Not another mouthful of food is left in my house. God only knows how I shall find something for my six little ones to eat."

"It is hard, Mistress Oliver. My own case is as bad as yours, — but I have no little ones to care for," replied Mistress Morey. "What have you thought of doing? There are the Bristol mills."

"And they are twenty miles away. I could make the journey; but the British will give me no pass. Without that, I fear me, any attempt to go there would be worse than useless. There are guards all along Vine Street from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, and if I should succeed in passing them, there are still the pickets to be met. I understand these have been stationed all through the woods, even as far as Frankford." And as she spoke, Mistress Oliver groaned in her despair.

Truly, the situation was desperate. In that winter of 1777, Lord Howe and his troops held possession of Philadelphia, the residence of the two patriot women whose conversation has just been recorded. The common necessaries of life were becoming scant among those who were loyal to the cause of the colonies, and, in their determination to subdue the rebels, the methods employed by the redcoats were daily becoming more stringent.

Out in Valley Forge, General Washington and his men were encamped; but they were suffering too much themselves from the scarcity of provisions to be able to render much assistance to their friends within the city.

As if to aggravate the distress of the patriots, the British evidently were possessed of an abundance of good things, and all that was required of the people of Philadelphia to obtain a share was to declare their allegiance to King George. Small cause for wonder is it that many of the men who wavered in loyalty, seeing the misery of their own families and the plenty which might almost be had for the asking, had renounced their loyalty to the Congress and been willing to submit to the demands of the Parliament. The hope of success for the struggling colonies was dim; the power of the mother country was apparently too great to be overcome.

With the passing of the days, the contrast became still more manifest. Balls, dinners, parties, and, above all, the dissipations of some of the scarlet-clad soldiers were of almost daily occurrence, and served to mark more clearly the want and suffering among those who still clung to the desperate cause for which Washington and the rugged Continentals were contending. Strange sights were these upon which the quaint old Quaker town looked in those dark days of the late autumn and winter of 1777.

Mistress Oliver and her friend, Mistress Morey, had been among those who still clung to the patriot cause. Their husbands were with Washington at Valley Forge, and the inspiration and encouragement of their example had tended to increase the determination of the two

women. But something more than the courage of a brave man was required to feed six hungry children, as Mistress Oliver had discovered to her sorrow.

For herself, she little cared. She could endure the privations without a murmur, and even give encouragement to her hardy husband, who for more than a year had been enrolled among the Continental soldiers. But of late his visits had become very infrequent, for it was not safe for him to enter within the well-guarded city. In addition to other perils, there was the danger of his being arrested as a spy if he was taken in any other garb than that of a soldier. Left to herself, Mistress Oliver had struggled on, doing her best to provide for her six children, but the limit had almost been reached now, and the horrors of starvation were before her.

In vain had she applied for a pass that she might go to the Bristol mills and obtain flour for her hungry little ones. Her petition had been roughly denied, not only on the ground that it was impossible to grant favors to one and not to others, but also because of the fear expressed that the supplies she might secure would be used by the very people whom the British were determined to subdue, by mild measures if possible, but by sterner if necessary. And Mistress Oliver had been silent, for she was not one to refuse the pleadings of others for food so long as a crumb remained in her own house.

Her friend and neighbor, Mistress Morey, had been as determined as she, and her sufferings had been as keen, but there were no children in her household. Consequently, she was saved from the anxiety which pressed

more heavily upon the heart of Mistress Oliver than did the latter's own privations and fears for herself.

Mistress Oliver was in severe straits now, and something must be done. Passes had been refused her and her pleas for aid ignored. At last, rendered desperate by the cries of the children, she determined to attempt to make her way to the Bristol mills, alone and without a permit.

She told her decision to her friend and, disregarding the latter's protests, secured her consent to look well to the children during an absence of two days, and prepared to set forth. Tenderly she kissed each of the little ones, bravely holding back the tears which rose to her eyes as she thought of the possibility of never beholding their faces again. If she remained, suffering and perhaps death were in store for them all. On the other hand, if she went, there was just a desperate chance that she might succeed, and that one chance must be taken.

It was early in the morning when Mistress Oliver left her home. The day promised to be bleak and dreary, and heavy clouds were passing low across the sky. But louder than the cries of the whistling wind in her ears sounded the cries of her hungry little ones, and spurred by them she walked rapidly on until she came to Vine Street. There she could see the guards passing back and forth on their beats, and the first problem of her journey presented itself. How could she manage to pass them?

For a time she waited, almost fearing that she must abandon her expedition, after all. No way suggested

itself, no solution came, until a party of ten or more men and women passed her, and as she saw the direction in which they were going, she instantly joined them. She did not know who they were, and no attention appeared to be given her, as she fell in with the rear of the little procession.

On they moved together, until they came to the first of the guards, when a man who seemed to be the leader drew a pass from his pocket and they all were permitted to advance. There was no conversation among her companions, and Mistress Oliver soon perceived that apparently they were for the most part strangers to one another. Doubtless that was the reason why her joining them had provoked no remonstrance.

Too well satisfied with the results of her bold attempt to dwell long upon the failure of the strangers to protest against her presence, the troubled woman remained with them until the woods near Frankford were reached. The entire party then moved off in a direction opposite to the one which was hers, and as the leader turned into the other road, he stopped and hailed her: —

"How now, my good woman? Come you not with us? Are you not of the company which is bound for Friend Jonathan's, at Mount Holly?"

"Nay, nay," said Mistress Oliver, quickly. "I did but journey with thee, but I am not of thy company. I go to Bristol — that is, I go to Frankford," she hastily added, in some confusion.

"Go you to Frankford? Doubtless, then, you have a permit to do so. Show me your pass."

"Nay, that I will not," responded Mistress Oliver

boldly enough, though her heart was beating wildly as she spoke. "I shall talk with the picket guards I may meet on the road, but not with thee;" and she turned quickly and walked with assumed unconcern along the road which led toward Bristol.

The daring stroke was successful, and as soon as she knew that she was not pursued, she quickened her pace and ran until she caught a glimpse of the guard in the road in advance of her. Hastily turning aside, she made a wide detour and passed the soldier. If he saw her, he gave her but little heed, regarding her perhaps as some simple countrywoman.

At all events, Mistress Oliver repeated her clever tactics until at last the pickets had all been passed, and Bristol lay not many miles away. It was almost dark when the woman entered the little town. Footsore, weary, hungry, and haggard she was, but she was now among friends, and one half of her perilous journey was happily over.

That night she spent in the village of Bristol. Early on the following morning, with twenty pounds of flour packed in a pillowcase, she began her return, and entered upon the far more dangerous part of her brave endeavor to aid her hungry children. The possession of the pillowcase filled with flour was sufficient of itself to arouse suspicion, and this time there might not be any party for her to join.

However, she once more succeeded in passing the pickets. But beyond her lay the last and most difficult problem. Could she ever pass the guards on Vine Street? To fail when almost within sight of home,

would be to add to the miseries of her present state. Determination, however, has more than once carried weaker persons than Mistress Oliver through perils greater than those which beset the troubled woman. Resolutely taking up the pillowcase after a brief rest, she approached the woods which lay between the pickets of Frankford and the guards on Vine Street.

A low cry of fear escaped her lips, when, soon after entering the woods, a tall man suddenly sprang from behind one of the trees and stopped directly in front of her. He quickly raised his hand in warning and, holding forth a letter, advanced toward her. The woman became silent, and although her fear had not left her, she watched him intently. She had never seen him before, that much was certain, and there was nothing in his garb to explain to which side he belonged.

As she tremblingly reached forth her hand to take the letter, she recognized the handwriting of her husband. Before she could open the missive, the stranger said: —

"Your husband is well, madam. He has requested me to say that he will be with you shortly. Money is not over plentiful among us — I mean among them; but your husband is so strong a patriot that I have consented to become his banker."

When he had spoken, the stranger held out a few pieces of coin, and as he perceived her hesitation, he added: "My means are ample, madam. Trust me for that, or I should not be so lavish."

"You said my husband would come soon to see me. How do you know that which is impossible? How did you know me? I never saw you before, and —"

"Hush, woman!" said the man, in a low voice, and somewhat sternly. "We are near the British lines now, and must not talk more. Take the letter and the money, and trust me when I say that the American commander is not idle. Already he is forming plans by which you and your husband, as well as others, will profit greatly. An earthquake or a thunderbolt would be gentle in comparison with that which he has planned to do."

Mistress Oliver glanced up to reply, but the man had disappeared. Only the silent trees stood about her, but the letter and the money were convincing proof that she had not been dreaming. Quickly thrusting both inside her dress, she resumed her journey with a heart much lighter, in spite of the danger she must face before she could see her home again. Already it seemed to her she could hear the laughter of her children and see their pinched and hungry faces light up with an expression such as she had not seen upon them in weeks.

"Halt! Your pass, woman!"

Rudely startled by the summons, Mistress Oliver looked up and saw a guard standing directly in front of her. To turn and flee was impossible now. The bright dreams had vanished in a moment. Hardly knowing what she said, she exclaimed: —

"I have no pass! My children are starving, and I have only —"

"Furies! I've heard the words too many times! Brats to become enemies of their king! That flour is mine, woman! Be off and die with your starving children, or I'll see to it that you die before that time. Begone!"

The heartbroken woman was about to turn away, when the strange messenger she had met a few minutes before suddenly appeared again. But his entire demeanor had changed. He was now quiet, gentle, almost pleading in his manner. Approaching the guard, he besought him to permit the poor woman to pass with the little sack of flour for her hungry children.

"Who are you?" demanded the guard, roughly. "Are you so great an idiot as to try to interfere with his Majesty's orders? Be off, or I'll send you to the guardhouse!"

"But the woman is weary. She has walked a long distance to obtain food for her starving little ones. Surely, you can let her —"

"Fool! Idiot!" shouted the guard, now thoroughly enraged. "Begone, or I'll arrest you as a spy! Don't wait to anger me more!"

"You will not let the poor woman have her flour?"

"No!"

"Then, by my country's hope of freedom, you shall!"

The quiet demeanor was gone in an instant. Leaping forward, he seized the astonished guard and hurled him to the ground. Before the prostrate soldier could recover himself, the stranger turned to Mistress Oliver and said: —

"Run, woman, run! Take your flour! Go up Vine Street! You'll be safe there!"

Instantly Mistress Oliver obeyed. Grasping the pillowcase with its precious contents, she ran swiftly along the rough road. She turned once just in time to see the stranger draw his pistol and fire upon the prostrate

guard, who was attempting to rise. She also saw him seize the guard's musket, and then bound like a deer into the woods.

In a moment it seemed to her the road was filled with men. From every direction they came, but the terrified

"LEAPING FORWARD, HE SEIZED THE ASTONISHED GUARD AND HURLED HIM TO THE GROUND."

woman soon perceived that it was the stranger and not herself whom the angry redcoats were so excitedly seeking.

"Shoot him! Shoot him down! Don't let the rebel escape!" were the words she heard on every side.

She saw that the stranger had disappeared from sight, but his enemies were in swift pursuit, and their calls and

cries and the snapping of branches as the men dashed forward could be distinctly heard.

Quickly recalled to the necessity of action on her part, Mistress Oliver, with her precious pillowcase clasped close in her arms, sped like a deer up Vine Street, now largely cleared of its guards, and soon was safe within the limits of the city.

That night there was a feast in the Oliver house, to which, we may be sure, Mistress Morey was invited. Twenty pounds of flour was never before looked upon with such delight as the pillowcaseful which the brave woman had brought from the Bristol mills. It provided a banquet fit for a king, or at least so thought all the children, and perhaps the weary mother was not of a very different opinion.

"'A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee,'" repeated Mistress Oliver in her prayer that night, and it is doubtful whether the writer of the Ninety-first Psalm was more sincere in his expression than was the devout and brave woman who quoted his words to her little ones.

The money which her strange deliverer had given her would provide for her wants for a time, and the heart of Mistress Oliver was lighter. Again and again her thoughts went back to the brave man who had rescued her from her peril. Had he escaped? Or had the angry redcoats surrounded and seized him?

It was nearly a week after her exciting adventure, when one night a man disguised as a country peddler entered the house of Mistress Oliver. His disguise was so

complete that for a moment not even the wife recognized the man as her husband; but when his strange garb was cast aside and Mr. Oliver himself stood forth in the presence of his family, there was a scene such as only those could share who have known the meaning of sacrifice for duty or for country. The children climbed into his lap, while the weeping woman flung her arms about his neck; and there was a softened light in the eyes of the sturdy Continental himself.

At last, after the first joy of the meeting had passed, Mistress Oliver related to her husband the story of her adventure, and said: "I can't get the thought of that brave man who rescued me out of my mind. I'm afraid he never escaped."

Mr. Oliver smiled as he replied: "You needn't have any fears for the fate of Ben Doale. He and his five brothers are very well able to take care of themselves."

"And did you really send him to me? Do you know whether he escaped or not?"

"He was on his way to the city when he rescued you. He had been in town frequently, and at my own request had been here. He knew you well by sight, and it was because he had reported to me that you were in dire straits, that he was coming with some money for you that day."

"Did he escape?" said the woman eagerly, scarcely able to wait for the end of the story.

"Yes. He told me all about it. After the pursuit began, he ran swiftly through the woods to the bank of the Delaware, where he had a horse concealed. As he

ran, he came face to face with a man who called upon him to surrender. Ben shouted in reply that 'a Doale never surrendered,' and before the other man could act, Ben's gun spoke.

"The report was answered by shouts on every side of him, but he ran swiftly forward and soon came to the place where his horse was. He instantly mounted, but he didn't feel that he was much safer even then. Behind him were the guards; on the north were the Frankford pickets, and on the left the city of Philadelphia, filled with British troops. The only thing he could do was to cross the river, so he urged his horse straight into the water.

"His horse was a noble beast, and struck out for the farther shore, but he hadn't gone more than halfway across the river before Ben saw that twenty boats were in pursuit of him. The tide was running out, and that helped him somewhat. Ben urged his horse on and on. He finally landed opposite the old slip at Market Street, and then turned and fired once at his pursuers. They didn't stop, of course, nor did Ben hesitate long. He put spurs to his horse, and dashed into the woods, and that was the last the redcoats saw of him. He was soon in Valley Forge, and told me the whole story."

"I wish I might thank him for his goodness to me," murmured Mistress Oliver.

"I have done that already," replied her husband, "and I haven't forgotten One who watches over us all. If I didn't believe God's hand was in this terrible struggle, and that He had called me into the service, I never could bear the thought of being away from you and my lads

and lasses in your peril. But when He calls, and wherever He calls, the only thing I can do is to obey. If we do our best, the results are in His hands, not in ours; and He will not forsake or forget one of these little ones."

A NIGHT ADVENTURE

It was a determined little band of Continentals which started from the camp in Valley Forge on that night in February, 1778. It is true that only a half-dozen men were in the number. Their faces were pinched with hunger, and their garb was like that of a certain newsboy, who (long after the days of the Revolution) declared that his clothes were made of "a series of holes tied together." The only imposing element in the bearing of the ragged men was the manner in which they carried their guns. On their gaunt faces was an expression of grim determination.

There was no moon, and in places along the rough, frozen road were patches of snow. The wind, as it sighed in the leafless tree-tops, seemed to add to the seriousness of the men, and but few words were spoken after the departure of the resolute little band from the camp. Hunger and cold in themselves are not conducive to cheerfulness, and when to them was added a venture which of itself promised slight relief, the natural result was a feeling of depression, which apparently none of the men was able to shake off.

All through that terrible winter these men had been in Washington's army as it hovered about the outskirts of Philadelphia. The reports of the cheer and plenty which abounded within the city had served to make the

contrast between the conditions of the two contending armies more marked. As the slow days dragged on, the situation became still more desperate. The utmost efforts of the leaders of the ill-clad, half-starved American forces were required to hold many of the despondent Continentals to their duty. In this difficult task, Martha Washington, the wife of General Greene, and a

From the painting by Alonzo Chappel.

WINTER AT VALLEY FORGE, 1777–1778.

few other patriotic women, who shared the hardships of Valley Forge, gave real aid by their uncomplaining fortitude. But even the example of the women did not always avail, for the soldiers were suffering and many had lost heart and hope.

Into one of the Continental camps on one February day, a straggler had brought a report which for the moment diverted the attention of the men and kindled a

little hope. The man had declared that in passing a lonely part of the road on the previous night he had been startled by the sound of the wheel of a mill, which stood in the woods a little distance back from the roadside, and that he had cautiously approached the spot and discovered a miller at work grinding corn. As this mill stood in a place about halfway between the outposts of the two contending armies, it had been supposed that the owner had abandoned his property until the soldiers should withdraw from the region. The discovery that the mill was in operation by night was conclusive proof that the grist was not destined for the American camps; and had the sturdy Continentals required any other incentive for attacking the mill than their own hunger, the knowledge that their well-fed enemies were to profit by the labors of the stealthy miller would have supplied it.

At all events, there had been no difficulty in finding a half-dozen brave fellows who were ready to go to the mill by night; if they should fail in securing a few bags of meal for themselves, they might at least cut off one of the sources of supplies for the over-confident redcoats in the city. Accordingly, just before midnight, the band had set forth on their errand, and after a cautious march of an hour and a half were approaching the spot where the mill was located.

Additional precautions were necessary now, for the miller might be protected by a detail of redcoats. So before the men ventured to leave the road and enter the rough pathway which led to the mill, they had to discover whether or not this fear was well grounded. They

halted in a secluded place, and conversed in low tones as to the best plan to be adopted. After a brief discussion it was decided that the youngest of them should leave his companions where they then were, and, making his way to the mill alone, find out whether or not a guard had been stationed there, and report to his comrades.

The choice fell upon Eben Merriam; and the lad, for he was but little more, at once turned and vanished among the trees of the forest. Left to themselves, the men waited with such patience as they could muster for the return of the young soldier, but the minutes passed and the silence was unbroken. The cold was becoming more and more intense, and even the tall trees seemed to share in the anxiety of the waiting men, for their branches were motionless now. For a time the soldiers huddled close together, striving to aid in keeping one another warm; but soon they were compelled to abandon that position, and to move about and slap their arms against their bodies in their constant fight against the cold.

At last, when three quarters of an hour had passed, the leader said, as the men came together, "Something has happened to Eben, or he'd have been back here before this."

"That's right, sergeant. What shall we do now?" said one of the band.

"I don't know just what to say. We don't want to go back empty-handed."

"No more we don't, sergeant; and we don't want to leave young Eben in the hands of the redcoats either. Give the word, and we'll follow you."

"We might creep up nearer the mill, and see for ourselves how the land lies. If there are not too many, we may be able to do —"

Suddenly the leader paused, and with his men glanced quickly up the road. Some one was approaching, and instantly the men took their places behind the trees, holding their guns in readiness and peering anxiously in the direction from which the sounds could be distinctly heard.

Their fears were relieved when, in a moment, the approaching man was discovered to be young Eben himself, running swiftly toward them. As soon as he joined them, and before they could voice their eager questions, he said, as well as his almost breathless condition permitted: —

"There's a wagonload of meal coming out on the road now. It'll turn out from the lane in a minute. Come! Be quick, and we can get it."

"Is there a guard there?" inquired the leader, anxiously.

"Not with the wagon. There's only one man in that."

"Are there any at the mill?"

"I don't know. I didn't go clear up to the mill, for I saw the wagonload, and came right back. If it turns into the road and gets a start toward the other camp, we'll never get it. We'll have to run to get there now. Come on!"

The sergeant instantly gave the word, and together the men started swiftly up the road. They crouched low, and held their guns ready for immediate use; but the

entrance to the lane which led to the old mill was soon passed, and no one was discovered. When they had gone about a hundred yards beyond the lane, they halted at the word of the leader, and concealed themselves in a clump of bushes near the roadside to await the coming of the wagon.

"IT'LL TURN OUT FROM THE LANE IN A MINUTE."

For the time even the cold was forgotten, so intent were the eager men now upon their watch. Every one was keeping his eyes fixed upon the spot where the wagon would first appear, for no one had any doubt that it would turn toward them and follow the way to the British camp. The moments dragged on, but no wagon

came into sight. The shivering men began to realize that the cold had not departed, although for a while it had been forgotten in the excitement. Still they watched and waited, but all that could be seen were the motionless trees and the outlines of the rough road fading away in the distance. The teeth of the men were now chattering, and to remain longer where they were seemed to be as useless as it was dangerous.

"It has either turned back or you were deceived, Eben," whispered the leader at last.

"It may have turned back, but I wasn't deceived," replied the lad. "I saw it as plainly as I can see you now."

"'Tis useless to remain here longer. Come, men," said the sergeant, rising from the bushes as he spoke, an example which his companions, shaking with the cold, quickly followed.

"Hark! What's that?" exclaimed Eben, as they stepped out into the road.

The men listened intently a moment as a sound like that of a creaking wheel could be heard in the distance. The sound was repeated, and instantly the men returned to their hiding place. Crouching low in the bushes, they cocked their guns and waited.

This time they did not have long to wait before a heavily laden wagon drawn by two horses emerged from the shadows and slowly approached. Soon they could perceive the driver, who to all appearances was the only man there. Still, others might be concealed in the load, and it would not do to incur unnecessary perils. In a few whispered words the leader told his men to remain

where they were until the wagon was close upon them, and then at his bidding to rush forth from the bushes and cover the driver with their guns.

Slowly the wagon came nearer, the wheels creaking shrilly in the cold and the driver peering carefully about him as he advanced. The trembling men were breathing hard in their excitement, and Eben Merriam was the most excited of them all. They could see the steaming breath of the horses now, and soon the wagon would be directly before them.

The leader touched the arm of the man nearest him, and he passed on to the others the sign that the time for action had arrived.

Suddenly, and without a word being spoken, the men rushed from their hiding place and stood in a line across the road. The horses snorted with fear; and the driver, startled for a moment by the unexpected sight, turned quickly in his seat as if he would grasp the gun behind him.

"Here! Don't touch that!" said the leader, quickly. "My men have covered you."

The driver paused, evidently thinking better of his intention; then he placed his fingers in his mouth and gave a shrill whistle. Before the sound could be repeated the men were upon him, and with his hands bound behind him he was thrown lengthwise upon the sacks.

The sergeant called to his men to follow him; and taking the reins in his hands, he turned the horses about and began to retrace the way. Four of the men proceeded in advance, peering keenly before them for signs

of the presence of the enemy which the whistle of the driver had indicated was near. As they approached the lane, the leader advanced still more slowly, for it was there, if anywhere, that danger would be found.

The men kept close to the wagon, and frequently all halted and listened intently. At last the entrance to the lane was seen, and breathlessly the men watched for the appearance of the guard; but slowly and without interruption the place was passed and no redcoat was discovered. Then stealthily and cautiously they proceeded on their way until the long hill was gained. There the leader called upon his followers to take their places with him. The horses were started into a run from which they were not permitted to cease until the valley had been gained and the next ascent was begun. So, alternately riding and walking, the band pressed forward, and just as the gray of the dawn broke over the land they once more entered the camp with their provisions and their prisoner.

Great as was the rejoicing among the hungry Continentals over the supplies received, their anger at the unfortunate Tory driver was almost as great. A speedy trial was insisted upon, but there is sometimes a vast deal of difference between a trial and the administration of justice. Perhaps the rage of the men, born of their own privations and the knowledge that the prisoner had been attempting to feed their already well-fed enemies, did not incline them to distinguish between justice and law. Be that as it may, on the following day they gave Philip Calp, the unfortunate prisoner, his choice of enrolling in the army, or of receiving fifty

lashes upon the bare back and working upon their defenses until the British should depart from Philadelphia.

But Philip Calp did neither. He stoutly affirmed his own loyalty to the king, and at the same time insisted upon an appeal to General Washington himself. It may be that the men, better fed now, were in a mood to listen to his appeal. At all events, the old records inform us that George Washington promptly remitted the fifty lashes, and declared that Philip Calp should be treated as a prisoner of war.

And in their hearts even the Continentals, too, must have rejoiced. In no way did their great leader show his magnanimity more than in his treatment of his enemies. With all his firmness and tenacity, Washington was too great a man to take advantage of any one in his power.

BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS

WHEN first the War of the Revolution broke out, James Brittain endeavored to maintain a position of strict neutrality. He was a prosperous farmer, dwelling not far from the Delaware, and had no desire that his own belongings should be disturbed. It was true that he felt as keenly as did many of his more patriotic neighbors that the rulers of the mother country had gone a little too far in the taxes they had levied on the colonies, but that did not mean that he was willing to cast in his lot with the unorganized forces of the colonists; and besides, he had no confidence in the ultimate success of their efforts. It was not reasonable to suppose that they could really make a victorious stand against the well-drilled and well-equipped forces of King George, and he, for one, did not intend to jeopardize his property or endanger his life by any such foolhardy measures as the reckless colonials were taking.

As the struggle began to assume a more serious aspect, his misgivings became more pronounced, but he was still very careful not to commit himself to either side. With that vacillation of opinion characteristic of some men, when he talked with the patriots he seemed to favor the Tory side, but when he conversed with the Tories he became emphatic over the wrongs of America. As a

natural consequence both parties became suspicious of him, and all the efforts of the man seemed to result only in increasing the difficulties of his position.

Yet all the time, like every man without convictions, he was steadily drifting in one direction, and that, we may be sure, was not up the stream. With every passing month his anger at the continuance of the struggle was increasing. Provoked that the forces of the king did not quell the rebellion, he was also exasperated at what he was pleased to call the "obstinacy" of the rebels; and at last it came to pass that his "unarmed neutrality" was no longer possible. His Tory neighbors assembled one night at his house, and at last succeeded in inducing him to promise that he would openly cast in his lot with them and join the force of seventy men which a leader named Skinner was then organizing.

At the very same time, the Whigs had arrived at the conclusion that if James Brittain was not for them he must be against them, and in that event his possessions were legitimate plunder for their needy troops. Accordingly, on the night following the visit of the Tories, about thirty of the patriots made their way to the house of James Brittain, and, quietly surrounding the place, prepared to advance and compel the reluctant man to declare his attitude. An open and pronounced foe might be respected, but for a man who was neither hot nor cold only one feeling could be cherished, and that was disgust.

The first intimation that James Brittain received of the presence of the Whigs was the startling word of his wife, who breathlessly rushed into the room where he

was, crying out: "Oh, James! the Whigs are here and have surrounded the house! They are after you, I know they are! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"How do you know they are here?" exclaimed her husband, sharply.

"I saw them when I went out to the well. They were scattered all about the place. What shall we do? Oh, what shall we do?"

"You say they were scattered? They were not formed in a body?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well then, Mary, listen and I'll tell you what to do. They'll not harm you,—of that I'm certain, for I am sure Jonathan Humphreys is the leader, and he never yet harmed woman or child. If I yield, they will say I ought to give my possessions for the good of their cause; and if I refuse, they'll declare I have forfeited them. I must leave the house at once. I'll go down into the cellar and out through the cellar door and make for the woods. To-morrow morning you must come there, Mary, and bring me something to eat. Good-by!"

Already he could hear men on the piazza, and, realizing that the time for action had come, he hastily kissed his frightened wife and ran swiftly into the cellar. Opening the outer cellar door, he stood for a moment and gazed about him in the darkness. He could hear low voices, but not a man was in sight. Stealthily he made his way to the wood pile, and from there ran swiftly toward the barn; but just as he reached it, his heart almost stood still, for directly before him he saw an armed man.

His first impulse was to turn and run swiftly in another direction and trust to the darkness for shelter; but, luckily for him, before he did so the man hailed him and in a low voice inquired: "Is the traitor at home? Has Jonathan summoned him?"

"Not yet," responded the desperate Tory. "You are to stay here by the barn, and I am to go farther back," he added in a voice as calm as he could make it. "Don't move from your position, for he's likely to make for the barn if he tries to escape."

"Not much likelihood of that," replied the man, "if Jonathan is careful; but I'll not move."

Boldly, then, James Brittain walked past the guard, his very boldness being his best means of defense. In a few moments he was behind the barn, and soon had gained the shelter of the surrounding woods. With a sigh of relief, he ceased running and waited to learn the result of the visit of his unfriendly neighbors.

The slow hours dragged on, but not a sound that he could hear broke in upon the stillness of the night. No flames illumined the darkness, and he realized that whatever else they might have done, at least his visitors had not set fire to the buildings. Not a man approached his hiding place, and by the time the first faint streaks of the dawn appeared, he became keenly disturbed about the wife he had left behind him. He wondered how she had met the invaders, and if she had suffered at their hands. It almost seemed to him that he must go back to her aid, but on sober second thought he knew that Jonathan would protect her, whatever he might do to the property; and as he was uncertain as to whether the men had really

departed or not, he concluded to remain where he then was.

It was not long after sunrise, when, to his delight, James Brittain perceived his wife approaching, gazing anxiously about her. In response to his low hail she eagerly drew near, and as she watched him eat the breakfast she had brought, she described the experience of the preceding night.

"No," she said, in reply to his eager question, "I was not harmed; but they took away with them almost all the provisions we had. Had not Jonathan been there to restrain his fellows, I know not what would have happened to our home."

"Have they all departed?"

"Apparently, yes; but really, no. I fear me there is a lookout kept for you, James."

"'Twould have been better far for me if I had declared myself long ago."

"I think it would, James."

"But I knew not how it would end. Who would have believed that the rebels could have kept so bold a front for so long a time?"

"At all events, they have."

"So it seems," said James Brittain, bitterly, "and now I know not what to do. To return might be death to me, and yet I know not how to depart."

After further conversation, it was decided that the hidden man should remain for the present in his place of concealment and that every day his loyal wife should bring his food to him. So it came to pass that for almost a month James Brittain did not venture forth from the

woods, and his wife made her daily visits, supplying his wants and giving him information as to the doings of his Whig neighbors. How much longer the hesitation of the man might have continued cannot be known; but it was brought to a sudden end one morning, when Jonathan Humphreys unexpectedly stepped forth from behind a tree and confronted James Brittain and his wife. For a moment no one spoke. The alarm of the trembling woman was evidently shared by her husband, who realized that he was at the mercy of his stern-faced and zealous neighbor.

"How long halt ye between two opinions?" asked Jonathan, at last, solemnly breaking in upon the oppressive silence. As James Brittain made no reply, Jonathan continued, "I respect an open enemy, however much I may detest his opinions; but for one who knows not his own mind, who falters and halts between two opinions, who is neither hot nor cold — I will spew thee out of my mouth," he added, with an expression of disgust.

The face of James Brittain flushed as he said, "What are you going to do, Jonathan?"

"I? I shall do nothing, if you will only do something. Your hiding place is known, and this day you must choose. Is it Whig or Tory? Are you friend or foe? Will you join us?"

"Never!"

"Then you are to join the enemy, and at once. Go, or I shall be able to restrain neither myself nor my companions! The way is open and the last opportunity has come. He that is not for us is against us, and will so be treated."

There was one quick glance at the man, a hasty farewell for the sobbing wife, and James Brittain had vanished from their sight.

From that moment all hesitation disappeared, and no more zealous member of the Tory forces was known the length of the Delaware.

He was finally made a prisoner and confined in Philadelphia. Many of his former friends who had despised him for his hesitancy now hated him for his fervor; and owing to the testimony they gave, the unfortunate man was condemned to death. In reality he was no spy, as they declared him to be, but in time of war the worst passions are often in control, and reason and caution are forgotten or ignored. At all events, the sentence was pronounced upon James Brittain, and only one day remained before it was to be carried into effect.

How the time was spent or what was said in the last interview between the man and his wife is not known. It is known, however, that the prisoner apparently was in no wise cast down, and that his spirit of determination was a marvel to those who had known him not long before.

Perhaps the secret was explained, when, that very afternoon, James Brittain broke from the jail and started swiftly toward the banks of the Delaware. Guns were fired, the alarm was quickly given, and a half-dozen men started in hot pursuit of the fleeing prisoner, Jonathan Humphreys himself, now a lieutenant in the Continental army, leading the chase.

Swiftly and still more swiftly ran the desperate Tory. Before him was life and liberty, and behind him were his

enemies and a dreadful fate if he should be overtaken. There was no hesitation now, and certainly no halting between two opinions. One purpose only possessed the man.

Up the bank of the river he ran, never once pausing in his flight nor glancing behind him. He believed rather than saw that his pursuers were as determined as he and were holding doggedly to the chase. So for a half-hour the race continued, until at last the fugitive, halting for a moment to cast aside his outer garments and to kick the shoes from off his feet, plunged into the river, and with lusty strokes started for the Jersey shore. If only he might gain this, his hope of escape would become a certainty!

His pursuers were evidently of the same mind, and quickly changing their course, ran to the shore where one had noticed a small skiff drawn up on the bank. Into this leaped two of the soldiers and Lieutenant Jonathan, and then with desperate zeal they started toward the swimmer, whose head could be seen above the water ahead of them. Already he had covered more than a third of the distance between the shores, and as the skiff was moving diagonally and was a considerable way down the stream, the chances of overtaking or of losing him were about even. The two men pulled with long and powerful strokes, and Jonathan, seated in the stern, called out the direction in a low voice. James Brittain had perceived his new peril, and the sight seemed to afford him added strength. Steadily, rapidly, he moved forward, and yet all the time the swiftly moving skiff was decreasing the distance between pursuer

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and pursued. It was now a question of endurance; if the swimmer maintained his present speed, he might after all outstrip his enemies and escape.

Jonathan Humphreys watched the head of the swimmer as it bobbed up and down, and then for an instant lost sight of it as a vision of former days passed before his eyes. Again he could see the wretched man hiding in the woods, and his devoted wife caring for him in his trouble. It seemed to him that he could almost hear her trembling voice as she had spoken that day when he had broken in upon their interview and compelled James Brittain to declare himself. Then for a moment he thought of the other days when he and the man whom he was now pursuing, perhaps to his death, had been fast friends. Ah, that was long ago, long before the bitterness and horror of war had swept over the land and made foes ofttimes of those of one's own household!

"Quick, Lieutenant! Be quick, or he'll get away!" called one of the men. The momentary vision was gone, and in its place Jonathan Humphreys could see that the man had gained the shallow water and was stumbling, falling, and yet all the time drawing nearer the bank. In a moment he would gain the shelter of the woods and be gone.

To fire and miss was not to be thought of, for Jonathan had a reputation to sustain. It was a conflict between the feelings of the man and the soldier. Whether he did right or not Jonathan never could determine, but the thought of the wife of the escaping prisoner decided him. As he rose to his feet he touched the priming in the pan with his finger, wet with the water of the river;

and then, taking careful aim, he pulled the trigger. The hammer fell with a thud, but there was no report. A second attempt was no better, and the third also failed; and James Brittain had now disappeared in the woods, and the chase was ended.

"Probably 'twas the splash of the oars that wet the

"AND THEN, TAKING CAREFUL AIM, HE PULLED THE TRIGGER."

priming," said one of the disappointed soldiers as they returned to their companions; but Lieutenant Jonathan did not venture to express an opinion.

In 1783, when the struggle was ended, Lieutenant Jonathan returned to his home in New Jersey. In the battle of Monmouth he had been one of the boldest of the Jersey patriots under General Maxwell, and in the

later defense of the scattered people against the dastardly attacks of the lawless bands sent by the loyalist son of Benjamin Franklin from New York, he had proved himself to be as brave as he was bold. But Lieutenant James Brittain, leaving behind him all that he owned, took his devoted wife and sailed for St. John, with others of the Tories.

From the painting by Chappel.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

Years afterwards, when the bitter feelings of the war had passed away, Jonathan visited the friend of his early days in his far-away home. Perhaps he was not surprised to discover that Magistrate James Brittain was honored for the promptness and quickness of the decisions he gave; but if he was, he gave no sign of it, for doubtless he knew the cause of the change. The lesson had been a severe one, but he had profited by it.

RICHARD JACKSON'S TRIAL

"THIS is sad work. I never thought to find you a prisoner in the Berkshire jail.[1] You, Richard Jackson, of all men in the county!"

"It is sad work, General Fellows, as you say; and yet I have naught to regret."

"Is it true," inquired the general, turning as he spoke, to the little band of Continentals who had led their prisoner to the county jail in Great Barrington, "that Dick was really taken in the Hessian ranks?"

"'Tis true, General," replied the leader. "We have brought him all the way from Bennington, and our orders are to turn him over to you, as the sheriff of Berkshire, and that he is to be confined in the jail here until such a time as he can be tried lawfully for his treason."

"And what have you to say for yourself, Richard Jackson?" the sadly troubled sheriff demanded of the prisoner before him.

"There is naught to say, for the men have spoken truly."

"Then you were in the battle?"

"I was."

"And in the enemy's lines?"

"I served under Colonel Baum."

"Richard, how could you do it?"

[1] Berkshire County, Massachusetts. The time is in 1777.

"How could I do otherwise? Have I ever concealed my love for King George? Have I not always said that I was an Englishman and that New England or 'Old' mattered little to me, for my loyalty to the crown was unchanged in either abode? Have I ever professed to believe in this unlawful rebellion against his Majesty? 'Tis true I have often been silent, but others have spoken more than enough for themselves and for me too, and it has been a time when silence has been golden. I have been hoping that these excited men in the old Bay Colony would see the error of their ways, but I have hoped in vain. At last, when I heard of the advance of Colonel Baum upon Bennington, what more could I do, as a loyal subject of my king, than to offer my humble aid for his troops? I have striven to believe that you have acted according to the dictates of your conscience. Is it too much to expect you to believe me when I say I have been governed by motives as sincere as your own?"

The young man spoke calmly, and his fearless words were evidently received in a fashion very different from that which almost any other Tory in Berkshire might have expected, had he voiced sentiments as bold as those of Richard Jackson. And there was a reason to be found in the manifest affection with which he was regarded.

Young Richard, tall and strong, with voice and manner as gentle as a woman's, yet possessed of strength such as few of his neighbors could boast, — a man ever ready to help a friend, — had endeared himself to all who knew him. But he was a Tory, and though he was not one to flaunt his opinions in the faces of others, still he

had never hesitated to declare his strong convictions in favor of Old England when the occasion demanded.

So implicit had been the confidence of all in his integrity, so unshaken had been their faith in the man himself, that up to the present time he had not suffered from his excited neighbors, in spite of his well-known opinions. But the advance of John Burgoyne and the attack of Colonel Baum upon Bennington had set the old county in a flame, and when Richard Jackson, or "Honest Dick" as he was known in the region, had been taken in the ranks of the fleeing Hessians, there was nothing to be done except to treat him as others less favored had been treated. And the result was apparent now, when the young prisoner was delivered into the hands of General Fellows to be confined in the jail in the shire town of Berkshire, until such a time as his trial could be had.

Richard smiled when at last the key had been turned and he was left alone in his cell. It was near nightfall, and from the little window he could see the clouds flitting across the face of the sky. In the distance were the glorious hilltops, covered with green and reflecting the light of the low August sun. Not a sound could be heard, and in the intense stillness the lengthening shadows advanced, weird and mystic. As Richard turned from the vision of the outer world to that within his cell, the smile came back to his face, a smile which had in it a hint of amusement. He could readily perceive that the old jail was in no condition to offer much resistance to a man of his strength. He was satisfied that with one strong wrench of his powerful hand he could tear

the window from its place and leave nothing between him and his freedom.

The prisoner shook his head as the suggestion presented itself, and soon stretched himself upon the floor. Never yet had he knowingly broken any of the laws of the land in which he lived, and the present was no time in which to begin. Wearied as he was by the long journey, he was soon asleep, and the first sound that disturbed him was the entrance of the sheriff, bringing breakfast for the prisoner. In a decidedly unconventional manner General Fellows seated himself in the cell, not even locking the door behind him, and for a long time conversed with Richard, much as he might have done had they been in his own home. At last, when he rose to depart, he said: —

"Dick, I have sent word to your wife. She ought to be here sometime this morning."

"That was kind of you, General," replied the prisoner, his face lighting up eagerly as he spoke. "'Twas kind indeed."

"It's more than you deserve, I know, but I couldn't help it. If it weren't for your Tory notions, you'd be the best fellow in Berkshire. I've a thought that you will be converted before the day of your trial comes."

"I am a loyal subject of his Majesty," replied Richard, simply. "So I was born, so have I lived, so shall I die if need be."

The general was evidently troubled as he departed from the cell, though whether it was by something suggested by the words of the prisoner or not, could not be told. His trial would surely be held, and if he should

persist in declaring his loyalty to King George, it would fare ill with Richard Jackson, judged as he would be by those who did not know his simple, honest life. As he glanced at the old building and perceived how easily an escape could be made, he almost wished that Richard would break away, but he knew the man too well to expect any such event. In the same spirit of simplicity with which he declared his loyalty to the king, he would abide by the result of his capture. No, come what might, he had no fear of Honest Dick's attempting to escape.

It was about two hours afterward when General Fellows led a young woman, holding a babe in her arms, to Richard's cell, and called out, before he unlocked the door: "I have some one here to see you. Do you care to receive callers?"

For an hour the sheriff left the young wife with her husband, not even locking the door upon them. When at last she came forth, with a smile shining through her tears, she said to the officer: —

"He is the most obstinate man I know. He will listen to nothing that seems to interfere with his absurd notions of duty."

"He will not even try to escape?" inquired the sheriff, gently.

"No, not even that. He declares that he will abide by the laws."

"He is a true man. In spite of his mistaken ideas as to his loyalty to King George, I would trust him with my life."

Perhaps it was because of the general's confidence in

the integrity of his prisoner that strange things came to pass three days afterward. The sheriff had brought Richard his breakfast, as he had done every day since his arrival, and was seated with the young man in his cell. A silence had followed the morning greeting, the officer gazing wonderingly at the strange man, so gentle of manner, yet so tenacious of his sense of duty. Richard himself was evidently busied with his own thoughts. Suddenly he looked up and said: —

"'Tis a sad and useless thing to keep me shut up in this old jail."

"It can be changed in a moment," said the sheriff, eagerly. "If you will but take the oath of allegiance to the Continental Congress, you shall be set at liberty at once."

Richard shook his head as he replied, "I am a subject of the king. But I am earning nothing here and am a needless expense to the county. Why can I not go to my work every day? I will return at night and take my place in the jail, and you will have your prisoner, and I shall be able to provide for my own wants."

For a moment General Fellows stared blankly at his prisoner. Such a proposition he had never heard before, and surely no one but the honest-hearted Richard Jackson would ever have suggested it. And yet why should not the request be granted? Unusual as it was, still there was no man in all Berkshire like his prisoner, and, as the sheriff had declared, he would trust him with his life if occasion required.

After a brief hesitation, General Fellows said, "It shall be as you desire."

So it came to pass that every morning Richard Jackson went forth to his labor and every evening returned to his cell in the dilapidated old jail. The weeks came and went, the trees on the mountain sides were stripped of their foliage, the snow lay deep in the forests, and the winter winds rushed howling through the valleys; and still the young prisoner slept every night in charge of the sheriff, and with every sunrise went forth to his daily toil.

With the coming of the springtime, no change occurred in the condition of the strange Tory, Richard Jackson, and in May word came that he was to be brought to Springfield to answer the charge of high treason. Sadly General Fellows prepared to conduct his charge to the place where the trial was to be held. Aware now that the supreme moment had come, the young man bade his family farewell. When he came forth from the interview, the face of Richard was still unmoved, and many besides the heartbroken young wife knew that he would be firm to the end.

"General Fellows," said he, when he returned to the jail and beheld the preparations which the sheriff had made for the journey, "it is not necessary for you to go to Springfield with me. I can go quite as well alone, and both the inconvenience to you and the expense of your going will be saved."

Again the sheriff yielded, and Richard Jackson set forth alone on his journey. What thoughts were in his mind or what fears were in his heart no one ever knew. Calmly he kept on his way, no possibility of an escape presenting itself, for had he not given his word? On the second day, in a lonely spot in the forests through which

the rude pathway led, he beheld a man approaching, the first he had seen since his departure from Great Barrington. As the stranger came nearer, Richard recognized him as Mr. Edwards, a member of the State Board and one who had at times visited the Berkshire region. Richard bowed respectfully and was about to pass on, when Mr. Edwards drew rein on his horse and said, "Whither do you go, Richard Jackson?"

"To Springfield to be tried for my life."

"What!" exclaimed the man, aghast.

Richard briefly related his story, telling it simply and humbly as if he were unaware that he was doing anything unusual, and then with a word of farewell turned and resumed his journey. Mr. Edwards watched him until his tall form disappeared in the forest, and then he, too, turned and pressed forward with increased speed for Great Barrington, whither he was bound.

On the following day Richard arrived at Springfield, and four days afterward stood up in the presence of his judges to hear his sentence. He made no defense in the trial, if trial it might be called, and simply repeated his oft-told tale that he was a loyal subject of his king, and had gone forth to the aid of his troops when the need had arisen.

"Guilty and condemned to death."

There was a stillness as of death itself when the decision was announced, and even Richard Jackson's face became pale for the moment; but he soon recovered his composure, and with the same quiet and simple bearing he had displayed since his capture, was led back to his cell. The end had come, and the few remaining days

on earth might be profitably spent in seclusion and prayer.

"WHITHER DO YOU GO, RICHARD JACKSON?"

Four days afterward there was a meeting of the State Board, and among the matters to be considered was that

of the pardon of Richard Jackson, Tory, for which his old friends and neighbors, forgetting for the time the passions of the struggle, had unitedly petitioned. For a time the debate waxed warm. The crime was undoubtedly high treason. The condemned had acknowledged his guilt, and the facts in the case were clear and indisputable. If he were pardoned now, it would but place a premium on the very acts he had committed. It was better that one man, no matter how excellent, should die rather than that the cause to which they were committed should be lost.

So the men argued, but when the sentiment seemed to be almost unanimous against granting the petition, Mr. Edwards rose and began to speak. In simple language he told in all its details the story of the early life of the condemned man. He described Richard's unfaltering honesty, and the affection and respect which all who knew him felt for the prisoner. He had been a loyalist from the beginning, never obtrusive, never violent, and yet always ready in his own gentle way to declare his convictions. The speaker went on to portray the strange manner of Richard's imprisonment, his quiet fidelity and unimpeachable honesty. He told of the feeling of the sheriff and the officers, and last of all of the sorrow of the young wife and her anguish for her almost fatherless child, — how even her appeals to her husband to escape had been in vain, and how, unattended and alone, he had journeyed all the way to Springfield and given himself up.

Incredulous at first, his comrades listened to the words of Mr. Edwards, and then, becoming deeply interested,

sat leaning forward, sympathetic and intent. Soon one and then another was observed to wipe his eyes furtively.

At last, when Mr. Edwards concluded and a brief oppressive silence had followed, one member slowly rose and said: "'Tis against all reasons of state policy, I well know, but I was a man before I was a member of the State Board. I trust, sir, I have not ceased to be a man in becoming a member. Such men as this condemned prisoner are all too rare in this or in any other land. Our young and untried commonwealth will need them, and, sir, I am ready to move that Richard Jackson be pardoned for the crime which he has committed." And every member of the Board voted "yea."

It was just a week afterward when Richard, a free man, reëntered the village of Great Barrington. The first to greet him was General Fellows himself, but soon Whigs and Tories were joining in the welcome, even the terrible bitterness of the year '78 being for the moment ignored. Richard Jackson, still calm and gentle, shook their hands and listened to their words, and then, as he turned to depart for his own home, he said: —

"Though I love not the king less, I have good reason to love you all the more. You have been good unto me beyond my desert."

The cheers of the people followed him, and when at last he turned the bend in the road, he could still see the men standing in front of the old jail in which he had sufered an imprisonment unlike any known in the land.

THE TALE OF A STRAW STACK

It was a motley crowd which had assembled at the residence of George Mann, Tory. Old men and young were there, some earnest, some timid, but all more or less under the influence of their leader. Few men in the interior of New York, in the year 1778, had more power than this same George Mann. His great wealth, his genial manners, and, above all, his strong, positive convictions had made themselves felt among the doubtful and wavering. Many of the people in the Mohawk Valley were under personal obligations to him, and when he confidently predicted the speedy downfall of the "rebel" cause and the sure success of the king's men, and also promised to use his personal influence for his friends and neighbors, small wonder is it that many of those who heard him hesitated, and, hesitating, were lost.

More than a hundred men and boys had now heeded his call and come to meet the king's commissioners in George Mann's house this morning in the spring of 1778. The oath of allegiance to the king had at last been taken by all, and then, with the red badges upon their hats, they had gone forth from the house and assembled in the yard for the parade which was to follow.

Before this took place, George Mann, his face glowing with the pleasure he felt at the success of his efforts, and his genial manners even more genial than usual, mounted the horse-block, and, facing the assemblage, prepared to address the newly enrolled loyalists; for even in those early days it was seldom possible for a number of men to get together without a demand for a speech and a response to the demand. And George Mann was in no wise adverse to the call. With a glance of conscious pride he bowed to the commissioners, and then turned to face his expectant audience.

"My friends," he began, "this is a proud moment in my life. My own allegiance to my king is well known to you all; and, now that I have that pleasure increased by sharing it with you, my friends and neighbors, I need hardly remind you that it is an occasion long to be remembered. The commissioners of his Majesty are here, and they, too, share in the joy of this day; and I think I am not overbold when I say that, could even our lawful sovereign, King George III, be present, his heart, too, would be filled with pride as he looked into your faces."

The speaker paused a moment, evidently waiting for a cheer in response to his allusion to the king; and after a brief hesitation the cheer was given, though many of the men glanced fearfully about them as if they were troubled by the thought of the possible response the applause might awaken. Though the shout was far from being a vigorous one, the speaker was apparently satisfied, and resumed his address.

"I am confident, my friends, that the insane men who have countenanced this criminal uprising against our

lawful rulers, and who, having nothing to lose themselves, are hopeful of acquiring the possessions of others, would tremble, could they behold this sturdy assembly to-day. Your bravery, your determination, your willingness to meet the common foe, are too well known for me to dwell upon them —"

Suddenly the orator paused, and looked in consternation at the men before him. Something manifestly was wrong, for as one man they had turned and were gazing intently up the road. George Mann also glanced in that direction, and in a moment thoughts of his carefully prepared speech were driven from his mind. In the distance a cloud of dust could be seen, and, even while he watched it, out from its midst appeared the forms of horsemen. They were coming swiftly, too, and every one of the newly enrolled Royalists was certain he knew what their destination was to be.

The numbers of the approaching force were steadily growing, the dust no longer hid them from sight, and in a moment the cry went up from the yard: "The Whigs! The rebel horsemen are coming!"

No second warning was needed. Not many guns were in the hands of the loyalists, and to try to make a stand against the oncoming force would be madness. Instantly the confusion was increased; thoughts of the parade and of the eloquence of the man who had induced them to take the required oath were forgotten, and with a rush the men broke from the yard and made for the woods which were in the rear of the place.

Almost before he realized what had occurred, George Mann found himself alone. He was no coward, and for

a moment he thought of staying to defend his possessions; but another look at the approaching horsemen was sufficient to convince him of the folly of such an attempt. The men were riding hard, and there were many of them in the band. Doubtless they had learned of the meeting and were coming fully prepared to disperse or capture the friends of the king. At the thought, George Mann leaped down from the horse-block, and in a moment was speeding away as swiftly as his recent companions had done.

Instead of running toward the woods within which his friends had already disappeared, he started quickly across the open field on the opposite side of the house. In the middle of this field a straw stack was standing; and, pausing for a moment as he gained its shelter, the breathless man glanced behind him. Already, he could see, the horsemen were in his yard. To attempt to run from the stack to the shelter of the woods would be impossible now without being discovered, and, besides, George Mann was in no wise minded to depart without learning what his enemies would do.

Accordingly he climbed up the straw stack, and, gaining the top, carefully concealed his body, leaving only sufficient space to enable him to lift his head and look back upon the assembly, which by this time had taken the place recently occupied by the audience he had been so eloquently addressing.

The sight evidently interested him, and for a time almost banished even the thought of his own peril. He could see the men as they leaped from their horses, and that a brief consultation between the leaders followed.

He could not hear their words; but the result was at once manifest when he saw some of the men leave their horses in charge of the guard which was stationed about the place, and with their guns in their hands make for the adjoining woods. Others, however, had started across the field in the direction of his own hiding place, and quickly he drew down his head and buried himself in the straw.

Among those who were coming toward the place where George Mann was concealed, was Samuel Powell, a well-grown lad of sixteen, the sturdy son of one of the Whigs of the region and the nearest neighbor of the unfortunate orator of the day. Filled with zeal, young Samuel grasped his gun and was in the front rank of the searching party. It was to be, he thought, a great day in his life. In his home he had heard the burning questions of the times discussed, until, boylike, his young heart was bitter against the Tories; and now that the word had been given that George Mann was to be brought in, dead or alive, Samuel was ready to do his utmost for the capture of the arch Tory of them all.

Swiftly the advancing men ran across the open field, and soon reached the straw stack. Pausing only long enough to satisfy themselves that no one was hiding behind or beneath it, they pushed forward with increased speed for the woods beyond, young Samuel still running well in advance of his companions.

Suddenly, as the lad glanced down at the ground, his speed slackened, and in a moment his friends rushed past him toward the woods.

"Come on, Sam!" called one. "You are not winded yet, are you?"

Samuel made no reply, and as soon as he was sure that all the pursuers had entered the woods, he slowly retraced his way and returned to the straw stack. He had noticed footprints in the soft earth, and perceived that the marks had been abruptly reversed. In an instant it flashed into his mind that George Mann had started for the woods, but had changed his purpose when he beheld the Whigs in his yard, and doubtless was now concealed somewhere in the straw.

Several times Samuel went around the stack, peering keenly into the straw and tearing it apart in places; but no traces of the fugitive were discovered. Yet somehow Samuel felt confident that the man was there, and in his eagerness to be the one to capture him the lad was not willing to abandon his search.

At last he took his stand a few yards from the place, and called out: "Mr. Mann! Mr. Mann! You might as well give yourself up."

He waited a moment in silence, but no response was given his hail.

"Mr. Mann!" he called again. "You're there, I know you are; and 'twill be better for you to surrender before the straw is set on fire."

This time the call was heeded, and Samuel's heart gave a great throb when he perceived the face of Mr. Mann lifted from the straw and peering from the top of the stack down upon him.

"Is that you, Sam?" called out the Tory, in a low voice.

"Yes, sir."

"What do you want?"

"You'll have to come down and go with me."

"Surely you do not mean to give me up!"

"Yes, the order is for you to be taken, dead or alive."

"But you will not shoot!"

"Yes, I will," replied the lad, sturdily. "That's the order."

For several minutes the man pleaded, but Samuel was firm. The Tory must either give himself up or be treated as the leader had ordered.

"Sam," said Mr. Mann, at last, "I can't believe you mean what you say. Have you forgotten what I used to do for you when you were a little fellow? Don't you remember the whistles I made for you and the pony I gave you? And then think of my own boy, your best friend and mine. How you little lads used to play together, and you both used to call me your father! Have you forgotten how you told me, when my own child died, that you would be my boy? Surely, surely, you have not, and now in my trouble you will not be my enemy, I know."

"But you *are* my enemy," protested Samuel, feeling his heart giving way before the appeal. "You are my enemy and the enemy of the colonies."

"Even so, have you never heard of feeding a hungry enemy, or giving him drink if he thirsts? I am not your enemy; but, even if you think I am, surely you can do no better than follow those words now."

The vision of the glory which was to have been his flashed out temptingly for a moment, and there were misgivings in his heart; but Samuel yielded, for the appeal was more than he could bear.

"It will be dark soon, and it's already beginning to rain," he said, after a little further conversation. "The men will then be coming back, and you can go to the Mohawk's cave. I'll bring you something to eat tomorrow."

"EVERY NIGHT THE BOY BROUGHT HIM FOOD."

For fifteen days the search for George Mann was continued without avail, and all the time the Tory was concealed in the cave. Every night the boy brought him food, and in the daytime apparently assisted in the search. It was a double part to play, and the lad's conscience troubled him so much that at last he had a full and frank conversation with the prisoner, the result of which was that on the morrow Samuel sought out his father, and told him the whole story.

On the following day, after the leader of the Whigs had given his word that George Mann should receive no personal harm if he would give himself up, the prisoner, in the company of young Samuel Powell, returned, submitted to the arrest, and was sent to Albany, where he remained until the close of the war. Then he returned to his home, which had not been confiscated, and lived and died upon the place.

After the war, when the excited feelings of the people had subsided, among the stories that were told of those trying days was that of George Mann, and how young Samuel Powell had fed and saved his enemy. And it is safe to say that not one regretted that the lad had done as he did. Many men have occasionally made enemies of their friends, but Samuel had made a friend of his enemy. Perhaps he had obtained a glimpse of a law higher than that of war.

WALLED IN

THOMAS FERRIS, or "Tom," as he was familiarly called by his friends, was one of the boldest of all the patriots in the Neutral Ground. He was only twenty years of age, but his sturdy frame and reckless daring combined to supplement in a measure his lack of experience, and the part he took in the defense of Westchester County, New York (often facetiously called the "Neutral Ground"), against the incursions of the British and Hessians from the city, was neither small nor unrecognized in his day.

It was early in a morning of May, 1777. Tom was standing in the road, watching curiously a man who was approaching. Evidently he was a peddler, and the pack upon his back, if one could judge from his slow movements, was well filled; but Tom Ferris thought he recognized more than a mere bundle of the wares then in demand among the country folk, and waited to confirm his suspicions.

"I thought it was you, Luther," he said, as the man came nearer. "What brings you into Westchester?"

"Something of interest to you," replied the man, as he halted and swung his heavy pack to the ground, glancing cautiously about him as he spoke. "It's something to take us out of the Neutral Ground rather than into it, I fear."

"So I thought when I saw you with your pack, Luther. What is it? You never carry that unless you have something more than dickering in your mind."

Luther Kennicut smiled somewhat sadly, and for a moment made no reply. Doubtless he was thinking of the occupation which frequently took him into the camps of both the contending armies, and how, under his simple guise of a peddler, he had many times secured information concerning the plans of the British which had been of great value to Washington. But his very trade had caused him to be misunderstood by the Whigs and suspected by the Tories, and so, though intensely loyal to the colonies in their struggle, his life had become one not only filled with peril, but also one upon which his friends and foes alike were wont to pour their contempt. Perhaps if Luther Kennicut had known that years afterward his name would become famous as a literary hero,[1] he might have borne his present ills with better grace; but, as it was, he knew only that his patriotism was under suspicion and his best efforts misunderstood. Only a few knew him as he was, and one of the few was Tom Ferris.

"Yes, I have taken to my pack again," Luther said, "and I have just come from Throg's Neck."

"Yes?" said Tom, eagerly. His own home had been on the Neck until the family had been driven away by their enemies. All that pertained to it was of special concern to him now.

"There's a detachment of the British there," resumed

[1] "Luther Kennicut" is the name of the leading character in "The Spy," by James Fenimore Cooper.

Luther, "and it may interest you to know that the captain in command has his quarters in your own home. Indeed, I fancy he uses your father's room as his own now."

Tom's face was clouded for a moment. He was thinking of that morning in the preceding autumn when he had been seated with all the family at the breakfast table in his father's house. How suddenly the peaceful scene had been broken in upon! Through the open window one of the children had caught a glimpse of the scarlet-clad soldiers as they landed from their boats. Mr. Ferris had bidden Tom to depart at once, for the British might compel him to go with them.

When Tom had protested against leaving his father, who was old and infirm, he had been almost sternly ordered to go and save his life, which might be of use to his sadly beset country. He was thinking now how quickly the horse had been saddled and how he himself, after a hasty kiss from his mother and a warm grasp of his father's hand, had leaped into the saddle and gone thundering down the road, pursued by the enemy. How he had made that horse go! He recalled the whistling of the bullets which sped over his head as he came to the bridge, and how he had escaped. Never again had he looked upon his father's face. He heard afterward that the soldiers had gone back to the house and carried his father away as a prisoner, and that, in spite of his age and infirmity, he had been confined in the old sugar house in New York. There the fever and want had done their work, and his father soon had left all earthly scenes behind him.

Tom had obediently joined the army, and in the few months of service had done his best; but now to learn that the British captain was using his father's house — yes, even his father's own room as his quarters — was more than he could bear, and for the moment all other thoughts were banished from his mind.

"Luther, that man can't stay there! It's sacrilege!" he said abruptly.

THE OLD SUGAR HOUSE IN NEW YORK, OR THE PRISON OF THE REVOLUTION.

"What can you do?"

"Listen, and I'll tell you what I'll do."

For several minutes they continued in eager conversation, and when, at last, the peddler lifted his pack and prepared to return in the direction from which he had come, Tom said, as he himself turned away, "You'll meet us on the Neck, Luther? You'll not fail?"

"I'll be there, but I question much whether or not you will be."

Tom said no more, but in his eagerness to carry out

the plan he had so suddenly formed, he began to run and soon was in the camp. What his plan was became known on the following night, when, with two of his friends, he was rowing along the sound in a little skiff in the direction of Throg's Neck. At about eleven o'clock the three young patriots landed, and, drawing their boat up on the shore, concealed it among the bushes.

Then they began to move slowly and stealthily toward the Neck. They had gone but a short distance when one of his companions clutched Tom by the arm and whispered: "There's the guard! He's straight ahead of us!" Not far from them they could see the sentry moving back and forth on his beat along the shore, evidently all unsuspicious of the presence of enemies.

"Follow me," whispered Tom, and then the three young soldiers began to advance again.

Crouching low, whenever the watch approached, in the tall sedge grass which covered the Neck, and then, when opportunity offered, rising and creeping forward, they cautiously made their way. Again and again they thought they had been discovered and breathlessly waited to hear the sentry's challenge, but at last they had safely passed him and gained the Neck.

Tom, who was thoroughly familiar with the region, then led the way swiftly toward a cluster of evergreens that was near his father's house. As they passed into its shadows, Luther Kennicut stepped forth before him.

"You're here, I see," he said, as they joined him. "I didn't believe you'd make it."

"Yes, we're here. Is everything as it was?"

"Yes. We'll talk over our plans now."

Seated in the darkness they whispered together, and soon had arranged the details of their bold scheme. Just before morning they were to steal upon the sentry and secure him. Then Tom was to lead the way into the

"RISING AND CREEPING FORWARD, THEY CAUTIOUSLY MADE THEIR WAY."

house, and they were to creep up the stairs to his father's room. It would be but a moment's work to seize and gag the captain, and then they would carry him out of the house to a place Tom knew well, and after the soldiers should discover their loss and scatter in search of his captors, they would make their way to the shore and bear their prisoner away in the skiff. Luther

promised to be on the watch and give them the signal when the proper time came.

The arrangements completed, the peddler withdrew and the young soldiers waited for the hours to pass. In the great house not a light could be seen. The moments seemed to drag, and at last Tom said to his companions, "I must have a drink of water. My throat is like leather."

"You'd better wait, Tom," whispered one. "You've stood it so far. Better take no chances."

"I must have a drink. There's an old well near the barn. I won't be gone but a minute."

Creeping forth from the shelter, Tom began to move slowly toward the well. Apparently no one beside himself was stirring, and with a feeling of relief he at last gained the spot and prepared to lower the bucket into the old well. Suddenly he beheld a man standing almost directly beside him. He had not spoken, and restraining his first impulse to run, Tom speedily discovered that it was Moses, one of his father's blacks.

"That you, Moses?" he eagerly whispered.

Moses, however, made no reply, but turned and ran toward the barn. Tom's thirst was forgotten now, and bitterly regretting his imprudence, he hastened back to his companions to relate the story of his meeting with the black man.

"Will he tell?" whispered one.

"I don't know. We'll have to wait and see."

They had not long to wait, for in half an hour Luther hastily joined them and said: "You're discovered. They know you're here. They've doubled the guard on

the Neck and surrounded the place. I'm afraid you can't get away. They're to begin the search at daylight."

"They haven't got us yet," replied Tom, "but we mustn't stay here."

They crept forth from the shelter of the cedars and began to move toward the Neck. The gray of the dawn was already beginning to appear in the east. The morning would soon be there and the end would then come. Already they could hear the calls of the guards in the distance. It was evident that their number had been increased, as Luther had said, and every hope of escape was apparently cut off.

"Here! I have it!" said Tom, suddenly, pointing as he spoke to the stone wall which was larger and more bulging where they were than in other places. "Tear out the stones and shut us in here."

Instantly the men began to work. Noiselessly they tore away the stones, and then, when one of the party had stretched himself upon the ground, they built up the wall over him. Then another was walled in after the same manner, and last of all Tom was concealed by Luther as his companions had been. "Now wait here, if it's a week, till I come with the word," whispered Luther, as he departed.

The morning soon came, and with it two files of soldiers. Tom could see them as they approached, and as they came to the wall he could almost have touched them with his hand, he fancied.

But all other thoughts were speedily banished when the men halted by the hiding place. Were they dis-

covered? Tom's heart was thumping against his sides, and he fancied he could hear the quick breathing of his companions. Between the stones he could see the soldiers and hear their every word. They had halted because they had discovered the trampled grass and evidences of the recent labors of the prisoners.

"That's where the rebels laid themselves down, last night," said one.

"No, it's where our deserters slept," said another.

Apparently satisfied with that solution, the soldiers moved on and the prisoners were left in their living tombs.

Slowly the hours of the day dragged on. The night came, and still there was no word from Luther. Not a mouthful of food nor a drop of water had passed their lips. Cramped, shut in their strange prison, the young patriots waited. The moon came up and slowly descended the western sky, and Tom began to fear that the hiding place was to be a tomb, indeed.

At last, near morning, Luther returned, and the boys were soon freed from their confinement. Then retracing the way they had come, they passed the guard, gained their skiff, and soon were safe among their friends again.

Had the expedition been a failure? Not for Tom Ferris. He had not secured the British captain, to be sure, but the hardships he had endured, instead of crushing his spirit, had only roused it the more. His daring seemed to increase with every passing year, and before the war was ended, from one end of Long Island Sound to the other, his name had become a familiar

one. But the beginning of the boy's strong determination had been formed when he lay entombed in the old stone wall, for then it was that he had for the first time fully realized what the war meant for him and for his neighbors. And what had been only foolhardiness was transformed into the fullness of courage.

"YES, sir; they burned the house and carried both Cornelius and Peter to the sugar house in New York."

"What, both of them?"

"Yes, both of them. Captain Emmerick didn't seem to be satisfied with just setting fire to the house. He burned the barns, too, and spoiled everything about the place; and then, to crown all, he tied Cornelius and Peter to his horse's tail, and started back with them for the city. I don't know what will become of the Van Tassels, now that both boys are gone. They call this the Neutral Ground, but for my part I can't see very much 'neutral' about it. What with British troopers and cowboys doing pretty much what they please here, it seems to me it's all on one side."

Young Abraham Martling was silent for a moment as his friend ceased, and gazed about him over the Saw Mill valley. It was near dusk on the twenty-fourth day of November, 1777. The cold gray of the day was made a little lighter by the red glow of the setting sun, but it was light without warmth. There was, however, a fire in the young soldier's heart that required far less than the report to which he had just listened to arouse it.

For Abraham Martling, or "Brom" Martling, as he was familiarly known by his scattered neighbors in Westchester County, New York, was one of the most ardent

patriots in all that dangerous region. He had been one of the first to enlist in the Continental army, and already had seen some of the most stirring experiences of the struggle; and although he was only a little more than twenty years of age, he had been made a lieutenant in the second company of the Westchester militiamen.

He had been returning for a brief visit to his home, when he met his friend Robert Ebert, and heard from him the story of how, on the preceding day, Captain Emmerick, with a large band of Hessian troopers and pillaging cowboys, in their quest for forage for the forces in New York, had wantonly set fire to the Van Tassels' home and dragged the two boys away with them as prisoners. Both Cornelius and Peter had been Brom's warmest friends from their earliest childhood. Even now he recalled many of the experiences they had shared, from the days when as lads they had gone on nutting expeditions to the time when they had enlisted together in the patriot army. And now both Cornelius and Peter were prisoners and must endure the sufferings which it was commonly reported the unfortunate men in New York were compelled to undergo, as well as lose their home and all their possessions.

Brom's face hardened at the thought. Turning again to his friend Robert, he said: —

"Something must be done to stop this, Rob! There won't be anything left in Westchester but the rocks pretty soon, and I'm not certain even of them."

"Yes, that's what they all say," replied Robert, bitterly. "It's 'it must be stopped,' and 'this can't go on,' and I don't know what all; but somehow it doesn't stop

and it does go on. It's one thing to tell what ought to be done, but it's quite a different matter to tell how to do it, I'm thinking."

Robert spoke hotly, for his own home had suffered from the depredations of the cowboys, and he could not entirely forget his own losses.

"I can tell you what ought to be done, and I can tell you how to do it, too," said Brom, grimly.

"You can? Let's hear your plan, then," said Robert, in a tone which clearly betrayed his want of confidence in anything which his companion might propose. Young Martling glanced cautiously about him, and then, advancing a step nearer the doubting Robert, began in a low voice to explain his plan.

Robert listened intently. He made no response until Brom had finished; then he said:—

"Brom Martling, if any other man in this world had made such a proposal as you have, I should have laughed in his face. It would be simply running a man's own neck into the noose the redcoats had prepared for him. But I know you, and if you mean what you say, I'll join you."

"Of course you will," replied Brom, eagerly. "It's to-morrow at sunset, then, and we'll meet over by Wolfert's Roost. Don't fail me now, and be sure to bring your friends."

"I'll do my best," replied Robert, heartily, as he turned away.

Throughout the following day neither of the friends saw each other, but they were both busy. They went in different directions and appeared to be on some mys-

terious errands.. They entered certain houses by the back doors and remained only long enough to utter a few words, and then quickly departed and went through similar experiences in other and more remote dwellings. The fruit of it all became apparent about dusk, when near Wolfert's Roost a band of fourteen men assembled

WOLFERT'S ROOST AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY.

in the woods near the river. Brom Martling and Robert Ebert were both in the company.

As soon as all the young men for whom they had been waiting had arrived, Brom, in a few words, explained the plan in his mind, and said, "Now, if there's any one of you that wants to quit, this is his time."

"It's a dangerous attempt," muttered one of the men.

"Dangerous? Of course it's dangerous," replied Brom. "No one denies that, so far as I know; but

when I think of Cornelius Van Tassel's burning house, and what so many of the Whigs have had to suffer at the hands of these cowboys and troopers, and what's likely to happen to our own mothers and fathers, I'm not the one to stop for a little danger."

Brom spoke warmly, and it was evident that his words produced a strong effect upon the entire band, for they all knew of what had already occurred, and no one was without fear as to what might yet befall him and his.

"However," added Brom, quietly, "I'm not the man to urge any one to go into this against his will. If any one of you doesn't want to go, he isn't compelled to. All I have to say is that if any one wants to quit, the quitting time is right now. We don't want any one to back out after we've once started."

The young soldier paused a moment, but the only responses made were: "Go ahead, Brom," "We're with you," "We'll do our best, Brom."

Apparently satisfied that he could depend upon his men, the leader turned to Robert and said, "We'll put out, then, right away. The whaleboats are in here."

He advanced to a thick clump of bushes and, aided by his followers, soon drew forth from their hiding places two long and well-made whaleboats. They rested upon the water almost as lightly as canoes and, indeed, they were not unlike canoes in their shape and make-up. They were long and narrow and had evidently been built for speed. There were places for six oarsmen, and the men were soon in their positions with muffled oars. Brom was to command and steer one boat, while his friend Robert was to be in command of the other.

"All ready, men?" inquired Brom, as the two boats rested side by side upon the river.

"All ready," came the response.

"Now, remember, we're to try to keep close together. We've plenty of time, and every man wants to keep a good reserve. He may need all the strength he can muster before morning. The tide's going out, and we'll go out with the tide. All ready, then. Give way!"

The muffled oars struck the water together, and like two moving shadows the boats glided out upon the Hudson. The sun had long since disappeared behind the western hills, and there was every promise that the night would be dark. Brom knew there was to be no moon, and all things promised well for the success of the desperate venture upon which they had started.

For an hour and a half the two boats moved steadily onward, keeping well together, the oars making but little noise, handled as they were by skillful and determined men. Not a word was spoken, and the deepening darkness served as a sure protection. Brom Martling was familiar with "every foot of the river," as he expressed it, and the gloom was no obstacle to him.

But now here and there upon the river, lights appeared. The men knew that they had come near to the frigates and guard boats, and that one of the critical points had been reached. A whispered word caused his own men to rest on their oars, and as the sterns of the boats came close together, Brom whispered to Robert: "We'll have to trust to the tide a bit, now. We'll stop rowing and see if we can't drift past these boats."

In breathless suspense the men rested on their oars and waited for the lordly Hudson to do its part in the enterprise. No man could see his companion's face, but each realized the excitement under which the others were laboring. The minutes seemed almost like hours, and to the eager Brom his own boat appeared to be held as by some invisible power. Yet both boats were drifting steadily onward. At one time they passed so near to one of the frigates that the calls of the guards could be heard. Again they thought their presence had been discovered by one of the guard ships, and for a moment it seemed as if their hearts had almost ceased to beat; but the gentle current bore them steadily forward, until danger was past.

Again resuming their oars, the men rowed on slowly and silently until another line of the water guard was reached. Then, relaxing their efforts, they allowed the whaleboats to drift with the outgoing tide. The darkness was intense now, and no one could see more than a few feet before him; but the lights served to reveal the location of the enemy, and both Brom and Robert steered carefully, and succeeded in avoiding the notice of the guards. Thus, alternately rowing and drifting, they passed down the river, and at last came under the heights of Bloomingdale, and knew that their voyage was ended, and the more serious part of their undertaking was at hand.

Silently the men landed, and drew the light boats up on the shore. One of the band was then left to guard them, and the other thirteen started cautiously up the heights.

"'Tis not the best number in the world to start with," whispered Robert to Brom.

"Nonsense! Hush!" whispered Brom in reply. "We're in the right, and the right will tell."

The conversation ceased, and the men moved cautiously and slowly on. At frequent intervals they stopped and listened, and then, assured that as yet their presence had not been detected, started on again.

At last they could see the lights in the great mansion of Oliver Delancey, the leader of all the Tories in the city. A few whispered words, and once more the men went forward, Brom Martling some yards in advance of his companions this time. They were near the great house now, and soon the measured tramp of the man on guard could be heard. Again the men halted, all save Brom, who quietly advanced until the guard heard the sound of his footsteps.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend," replied Brom.

Brom approached the guard and entered into conversation with him. The luckless redcoat was interested in what the stranger had to say, so interested, in fact, that he did not see the forms which were approaching stealthily and silently through the darkness. While his face was toward Brom, there was a sudden rush, and before the startled guard could discharge a gun or cry out, a cloth had been tightly bound about his mouth and his arms bound fast to his sides.

"So far so good," whispered the excited Brom. Then, giving a few directions to his men, he disappeared within the house with several of his companions.

"While his Face was toward Brom, there was a Sudden Rush."

Before the frightened inmates were fairly aware of what was going on, the men had rushed into the building, the people were driven out, fires were started at the same time in various portions of the mansion, and the strangers had disappeared.

A shrill whistle by Brom brought all his companions about him, and the descent of the heights was begun. Again the darkness favored them, but now the shouts of men behind them could be heard. The alarm guns were discharged and soldiers in the vicinity were rushing toward the burning building.

That it was burning Brom perceived by one quick glance behind him. The flames were mounting higher and higher, and in the glare he could discern men running about in all directions. The darkness would soon be dispelled, and whatever Brom and his companions were to do must be done quickly.

"We haven't a minute to lose!" said Brom, as the men approached the shore.

His companions evidently were of the same mind, for they all hastily scrambled into their places and with desperate haste began to pull at their oars.

The flames of the burning mansion now sent a glare far out over the river. The alarm guns were sounding on every side, and the lights on the guard boats showed that some of them were moving.

"Every minute's worth an hour to us, now," said Brom.

The boats were still near together, but how long they could remain so was a serious question. The men were working desperately. No one spoke, but an occasional

splash made by some one of the oars would have divulged their presence to any one who was near.

Suddenly a dark body appeared directly before them, and one look showed the watchful Brom that a guard boat without a light was directly in their way. He gave a sharp word of command, the course of the boats was quickly changed, and with renewed efforts the men strove to escape.

"There they are! There they are!" came the cry from the guard boat, and a volley followed the words; but the bullets all passed harmlessly over the heads of the desperate patriots.

"Take after them! Shoot the villains! Take after them!" came the cry from the British boat, and the stern race was begun. No college boys have ever pulled over the Hudson as did the men with Brom Martling on that November night in 1777. It was a race for life. With desperate haste the men sped on and on, with long, steady sweeps. The whaleboats were light and built for speed, and Brom Martling "knew every foot of the river."

On went the boats; the escaping men were assuredly gaining, when immediately before them appeared another boat of the enemy. Again the shots rang out, but this time, too, the men fired too high, and the bullets passed harmlessly over the heads of the patriots. Two boats were in pursuit now, and soon there might be more, while no one knew how many might be lying in wait before them.

Still Brom Martling did not despair. He steered about here and there in the darkness, and Robert closely fol-

lowed him. They started in near the shore, then farther out on the river, then in near shore again. In the distance behind them, the dull red glow showed that Oliver Delancey's mansion was still burning, but the sound of the alarm guns had ceased.

Suddenly Brom thought of a little cove near by in the shore of the river. In a moment he had changed his course, and as the whaleboats grounded upon the beach, he gave the word. The men leaped out and made for the woods near at hand. Struggling, stumbling, falling against the trees in the darkness, they were soon scattered, but every one was safe.

The retaliation of Brom Martling had been severe, but the lesson was heeded, for, although foraging was still continued, not a building on the Neutral Ground from this time forward was burned by the troopers.

The excitement that pervaded the lives of the people of the region, however, was too keen to be easily allayed. The British retained their grasp upon New York until the war was ended, and though not many battles occurred in the vicinity after 1777, both armies for the most of the time were not far away, and not a movement was made by either that the people of the Neutral Ground did not speedily learn of it and share in the excitement which it never failed to arouse.

As for Brom Martling himself, he lived many years after the war ended, and his desperate and heroic deed was not forgotten. To-day, however, it has largely passed from men's minds; but if any one should be curious enough to visit the cemetery of the Reformed Church at Elmsford, in Westchester County, he would find there,

on a slab of crumbling sandstone, now moss-covered and somewhat broken, the half-obliterated inscription, "Abraham Martling. Died January 1, 1841. Aged 82 years."

The stone marks the resting place of one of the noblest heroes of a time which tried the souls of men.

A WOMAN'S HEROISM

DIRECTLY after their wedding day, young Mr. and Mistress Fisher had gone to their new home. It is true this was only a rude little building, but it was better than most of the houses in Northcastle, and, indeed, in all Westchester County, New York, for the matter of that; and the young wife had been supremely happy. There was the same rugged aspect to the country then as now, and the huge, moss-covered granite bowlders, the wooded hillsides and winding valleys, and beyond all, the glistening waters of the sound, provided a landscape upon which Mistress Fisher never tired of gazing.

But the young people were not to be left to the peaceful enjoyment of their new home. The war clouds which had long been gathering broke in a storm, and among the first to respond to his country's call was Mr. Fisher. Enrolled in Major Paulding's band of patriots, he speedily became one of the most trusted of Washington's scouts in the so-called Neutral Ground. His young wife, left to herself, was as bold of heart as her husband, and soon found many methods of displaying a courage and loyalty as strong as his.

The terrible battle of Long Island, the gallant work of the patriots at Fort Putnam, the slow evacuation of New York by the American soldiers, the engagement at

Harlem, the fight at Whiteplains, the massacre at Fort Washington, and the retreat of the dwindling Continental forces across New Jersey were all intensely vital to the dwellers in the Neutral Ground, and occasions for prompt and courageous action among the people of Westchester County were not lacking.

After the battle at Whiteplains, Mistress Fisher had gone to the camp and nursed the wounded Continentals with a care which endeared her to all the soldiers; and when Washington himself had encamped near her home, she provided for his table in such a manner as to call forth the thanks of the great commander in words which were long after cherished in her family. After the army had departed, she returned to her home; but the stirring experiences in the camp were to be followed by still more stirring experiences in the Neutral Ground. Prowling bands of Tories and Hessians sent out from New York soon created a veritable reign of terror. Possessions were stolen, homes were burned, and in the awful rage which was begotten of the war, it almost seemed as if every man's hand was lifted against his neighbor.

Young Mistress Fisher, cheered by the occasional visits of her husband, still remained alone, guarding her possessions, defending her home, and, whenever it was reported that a larger band of marauders than usual was approaching, fleeing with her neighbors to the shelter of Coney Hill. At one time a force of redcoats had carried away with them the roan colt which was her own special pride and property; but, undismayed, she had mounted the other horse,

which had been left behind, and ridden straight to the British camp at Morrisania, and with flashing eyes had demanded of the captain the return of her property. The officer had laughed, and, moved perhaps by her very boldness, had granted her request. She left the camp leading the roan colt behind her.

But matters became steadily worse. The visits of the marauders increased, while those of her husband were less and less frequent. And, indeed, twice he had had such an experience that, eager as she was to see him, the young wife had tearfully begged of him not to make the attempt again.

On one occasion the redcoats, who were hoping to capture the defiant scout, had traced him to his home, and soon after he had entered the house, surrounded the place, calling upon him to surrender. Mistress Fisher, terrified but undaunted, had lifted the loose boards of the kitchen floor and concealed her husband beneath them; and then, with an appearance of boldness she was far from feeling, she had faced the soldiers and bidden them search the house — a search which proved unavailing.

At another time — and the young wife could never repress a shudder at the recollection — her husband had been surprised by the band of Blindberry, the most detested of all the Tories in the Neutral Ground, and, unable to escape, had been seized by the men and bidden to give over the gold which he was supposed to have concealed somewhere about the place. When the young patriot had steadily refused, his captors had led him forth into the yard and, throwing a halter over

one of the lower limbs of a tree, had suspended him from it. Upon his repeated refusals to reveal the hiding place, they at last left him hanging dead, as they supposed, and departed. The grief-stricken young wife had cut down the body of her husband, never once thinking that he was still alive; but to her inexpressible joy she had discovered a faint fluttering in his heart. Through her careful nursing he was soon restored to health, and became more determined than ever to do his part in defending his home and country against the attacks of the Hessians and the lawless bands which had been quick to turn the struggle to their own advantage.

And now Mistress Fisher was again expecting a visit from her husband. It was true she had not received any direct word from him, but it had been long since she had seen him, and somehow she could not shake off the feeling that he would come that very afternoon. Again and again she had left her work and gone out on the little front piazza to gaze up and down the road; but the sun had sunk lower in the sky, the night would soon come, and still he had not appeared. She must be mistaken, she thought, and resolutely strove to drive fears and hopes alike from her mind. But with all her efforts she could not succeed, and as the shadows began to lengthen, she once more left the house to take her stand outside and satisfy herself that no one was in sight.

As she passed through the doorway, she suddenly stopped and peered intently before her. Down the road, just where it left the woods, she could see a man running swiftly toward her house. Her first thought

was that it must be her husband, but why was he in such haste? He was running desperately, and the frequent glances he cast behind him showed that he was in fear of something coming from that direction. In an agony of suspense, Mistress Fisher clasped her hands and watched the man. She was tempted to seize the one gun in the house and go to his aid, but, restraining the impulse, as she realized that the man was coming toward her, she paused and waited. Once he stumbled and fell, and a low cry escaped the waiting woman's lips; but in an instant he had regained his footing and dashed forward with increasing speed. On and on he came, still casting furtive glances behind him, and soon she could see that he was not her husband, but a neighbor, Mr. Butler, one of the stanchest Whigs in all the region.

It was evident, however, that he was in trouble; and Mistress Fisher, relieved as she was to discover it was not her husband who was being pursued, waited with almost breathless eagerness for him to approach. He was near now, and she could easily see that he was laboring under great excitement; the perspiration poured in streams down his face, and his alarm was visible in every movement. When he reached the house, she thought he was going to pass without recognizing her, so she called: —

"Mr. Butler! Mr. Butler! What is it? What is it?"

The fleeing man looked up and, instantly changing his course, darted into the house after her.

"What is it? What is it?" repeated the excited woman.

"The Tories! The Tories!" gasped the almost exhausted man. "They're after me. They're close behind me! They'll get me sure, Mistress Fisher, if you don't hide me!"

Mistress Fisher stepped to the door again and gazed down the road. Just emerging from the woods she could see a band of men coming swiftly up the road, and her neighbor's words needed no further confirmation. Had they seen him turn into her house? She could not tell, but, satisfied that in any event they would stop there to make inquiries, if nothing more, the courageous woman instantly turned and once more faced the panting man in the room.

"Hide me! Hide me somewhere, anywhere!" he pleaded. "Don't let them get me!"

Mistress Fisher glanced hastily about the room. What could she do? Through the kitchen door she could see the hens fluttering in the ash heap. Beyond was the barn, but it was useless to think of hiding there. And the Tories were already approaching and would soon be in the house.

"Here!" exclaimed the undaunted woman, seizing a brush made of goose quills lying on the table. Then, taking a knife, she quickly cut several of the quills loose, cut the feathered parts away, blew the "pith" out of each and joined four of them in the form of a long tube. She worked rapidly and with a desperation born almost of despair, the man meanwhile watching her and not uttering a sound.

As soon as she had the tube ready, she grasped the shovel, which was near the kitchen door, and said: "Come! Be quick! We haven't a minute to spare!"

The man followed her, not perceiving her purpose, but too frightened to question or protest. Quickly Mistress Fisher ran to the ash heap and began to dig with feverish haste. Every moment was precious now, and she labored desperately, knowing that the fate of a life depended upon her efforts. As soon as she had made a hole large enough to satisfy her, she handed her companion the quill tube and said: "Here! Keep this in your mouth! Now jump in and I'll hide you. Be sure and keep your eyes and mouth closed. Quick!"

Her purpose was clear now, and instantly the man obeyed. Mistress Fisher then covered him with the ashes, being careful to see that the end of the tube was left free, and as soon as the labor was completed, she flung the shovel down carelessly and entered the kitchen just as the Tories came into the yard. Her heart was trembling, though her countenance was bold, as she turned to meet the band.

"Who are you? What wish you here?" the brave woman demanded.

"Give up that rebel, Joe Butler," said the leader. "We saw him turn in here."

"Think you I would give him up if he were here?"

"You've got him here somewhere. Now give him over!" shouted the leader, flourishing a pistol as he spoke.

Mistress Fisher felt strangely sick and faint, but, still striving to keep up her bold appearance, said: "Keep your pistol to frighten children with; you shall not intimidate me! If you want to give up your chase and look for my neighbor Butler here, it is your privilege.

'Tis not the first time defenseless women in Westchester County have had their homes invaded by hirelings!"

"Come on, boys!" called the leader, restoring his pistol to his belt and turning to his followers as he spoke. "She hid that rebel husband of hers under the kitchen floor once, and perhaps Joe Butler is there now!"

"GIVE UP THAT REBEL, JOE BUTLER.'

In a moment the search was begun. The loose boards of the floor were torn away, but no "rebel" was found beneath them. Then they ran into the cellar, into every room and closet, tearing apart the beds and overturning chairs and tables in their efforts. The men searched the house, but the missing man could not be found.

"Some of you go out to the barn," said the leader, at last. "I'll stand here and keep my eye on both places," he added, as he stepped upon the ash heap.

In an agony of fear Mistress Fisher watched and waited. Would he discover the presence of the man concealed beneath his feet? The moments dragged on like hours, but at last the search was abandoned, and with many threats against her "rebel husband" and Joe Butler, who for the present had escaped them, the men departed. The woman waited until a half hour had gone and then, taking her shovel, began to dig into the ash heap again. Soon she had freed her neighbor from his hiding place, but what a spectacle he presented! Almost too exhausted to stand, streaked with the ashes, and almost blinded as well, it was some time before he was restored to his normal self. But at last, by the aid of soap and water and such simple means as were in the house, he was made ready to return to his home or go to the camp, as he deemed better.

As he stood on the piazza, he said: "I thought I was a dead man when I crawled into that ash heap. I was thinking of the words of the preacher — 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes.'"

"Out of the ashes you came to life again," responded Mistress Fisher, solemnly. "So may it be with our country and with us all."

And the true-hearted woman stood in the doorway and watched her neighbor until he disappeared in the forest.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA

PART I

"YES, that's the portrait of my Anne. 'Queen' Anne I called her, and I don't think I was far wrong. If you could have seen the way in which she carried herself, and how she ruled me, and everybody that came near her, for the matter of that, you'd have said she was the queen of hearts, too. And all that was nigh on to fifty years ago. Ah me! 'Twas too good to last long, I fancy.

"I was a great lad in those days. I wasn't twenty-five years old, but for two years after the colonies had cut loose from old England, I'd been doing my part on the seas. I was on the *Reprisal* for a time, but they seemed to think I'd do better as a straight privateer, so I followed the advice of my elders. We made things lively, too, around the British Isles in '77, and a goodly number of my English cousins were as afraid of me as if I'd been the old man of the sea.

"Three times already they'd made me a prisoner, but I'd managed to get away every time. I've a notion that that fact made 'em a little more bitter still. Anyway, they stuck pictures of me up in the windows of the London shops and wrote under them, 'The Arch Rebel.' The third time I cut away from the jail in which they

had shut me up, I went to London to look for a chance to cross over to France again, for the Frenchmen had blind eyes for our doings about that time, you remember, although the formal treaty between the countries hadn't yet been signed.

"Well, sir, I got into town safely, and as I was walking along one of the streets I saw a crowd standing in front of a shop window, and as they all appeared to be mightily interested in something there, I stopped and joined 'em. If you'll believe me, it was what was supposed to be a picture of myself that I saw stuck up there. I was a slim, dapper young fellow in those days, and people told me I looked a good deal more like a parson than I did like a privateer; but the picture there was of a great, burly, roistering pirate, old enough to be my father. I laughed out loud when I saw the words, 'Conyngham, the Arch Rebel,' and I never shall forget how one nursemaid in the crowd turned and looked at me in horror. I'm afraid I almost betrayed myself, but I wasn't very badly scared, for the man in the picture was so different from me that I couldn't have proved claim to the reward they'd set on my head, not even if I'd arrested myself.

"The way of it was something like this: Ben Franklin had gone over to France with a lot of blank commissions which John Hancock had signed and left him to fill out as he chose. Well, he filled out one of 'em for me, for I thought I might as well take out letters of marque as to let my friends be doing all the work, and on the first day of May — that was in '77, I think; yes, I know it was — I set sail from the north of France in the brig

Surprise, with as brave a crew as ever yet fell to the lot of a Yankee skipper.

"We hadn't been out three days before we took the *Joseph,* a trim British brig, and four days afterward we had the packet *The Prince of Orange,* too. We put straight for the coast of France with our prizes; but the English ambassador made such a fuss that the Frenchmen made us give up both of 'em, and turned me and all my men over to the English as prisoners.

"That was a great piece of work, that was! But not one of my crew wanted to stay in the prison house and be strung up as a pirate, for that was what our English cousins said was the proper term to be applied to us. You see they hadn't got used to the idea at that time that any craft had a right to do any privateering unless it carried the British flag. Well, feeling as we did about the prospect of being strung up as pirates, we arranged our plans and one night fought our way out of the jail. Every one of us got free, and we all put straight for Dunkirk again, on the north coast of France.

British Ensign.

"The Frenchmen were somehow 'between the devil and the deep sea.' They didn't want to offend the English too much just then, but they did want to help us,

though I never believed their motives were of the best. At all events they turned their blind eyes toward us, and with Ben Franklin's aid I soon had the *Revenge* all fitted out and we were ready for another cruise. She was a beauty, sir, the *Revenge* was. The only craft that could come anywhere near her was the *Reprisal*, and between the two the British commerce suffered in those days, let me tell you. The *Reprisal* was a trim affair, but she couldn't carry the canvas the *Revenge* did. My feelings for the *Revenge* were the warmest, though, not for her sailing qualities, much as I prized them, but because if it hadn't been for her I never should have met 'Queen' Anne.

"Ah me! That was a good fifty years ago, and it's been a mighty lonesome cruise I've had of it the most of the time since; but, somehow, I'm beginning to think the port isn't very far away now, and there are times when I can almost fancy I hear the roll o' the breakers along that shore. We're all of us out on the ocean sailing, as I conceive it, the only difference between us being that some are a little farther out than others.

"Well, I found out afterward that we hadn't been out o' Dunkirk but a few hours when two British gunboats put in there, looking for 'the Arch Rebel' and his 'pirate' crew; and I understand they had orders not to wait for any formalities, but were to string every one of us up on the yardarms just as soon as they had taken us. That provision was well put in, though — it's a good thing to catch your pirate before you hang him. But fate was against 'em. I think I must be a little like the old woman who declared that she'd noticed that whenever

she lived through the month of March she 'most always lived through the year. Somehow, I got it into my head that whenever I wasn't hanged off the north coast o' France, I wasn't going to be hanged anywhere else."

PART II

"The first thing we did was to lay for some of the transports which were reported to be carrying the Hessians to America, but the 'Dutch Butchers' had too much the start of us, and they all gave us the slip. You see, not even the *Revenge* could give a decent ship halfway across the ocean and then expect to overtake her in a week or so, and we never had a sight of one of those transports.

"But we found plenty of work to do, and we made it lively for the British merchantmen. Why, do you know, sir, that the rates of marine insurance in England rose twenty-five per cent in that very year! A good many of the English shipowners didn't want to take the chances even then in their own boats. At one time, in that summer of '77, there were forty French vessels in the Thames loading up with English goods. That didn't make me feel very bad, and I fancy the Frenchmen didn't lie awake nights grieving over the condition of affairs. But the worst-hated man in all England at that time was 'the Arch Rebel.' They had a lot more pictures of him made, and offered a bigger reward for him, dead or alive. Why, they even used to frighten the children by telling 'em that 'Conyngham, the pirate, would get 'em.' Yes, sir, they did for a fact.

"We finally put for the West Indies, and it was there that the *Revenge* carried me straight to 'Queen' Anne, and that's what I started out to tell you about, only whenever I get to thinking of those days, it's but natural for me to boast a little of the smartest craft the Yankees then had afloat on the seas.

"It was about six weeks before the time of our meeting, 'Queen' Anne's and mine, I mean, when three American girls were standing in front of one of the London shop windows looking with the crowd at the picture of 'the Arch Rebel,' which had been stuck up there. He was supposed to be a great, coarse, brutal pirate, as I told you, and if that picture told the truth that is what he was; but then I didn't believe the picture, and I was of the opinion that I ought to know something about it.

"The girls were frightened, though, for you see they were to sail for America only three days later. They had engaged their passage to the West Indies, and from there they were expecting to be carried home to Baltimore by some friendly packet or other. The sight of the picture of that terrible pirate wasn't very comforting to 'em under the circumstances, as you can readily see; and as they stood there before it, Anne, who, in spite of her grit and fire, in many ways was a timorous lass, turned to one of her companions, and said: —

"'I'm almost afraid to sail. Just suppose that terrible man should capture us! I think the sight of him would kill me! Did you ever see such a terrible face?'

"'Never! never!' said one, with a shudder of fear.

"'He won't take us,' said the third girl. 'The Atlantic Ocean is a pretty large sheet of water, and even

Conyngham and the *Revenge* can't be everywhere at the same time. I don't believe there's one chance in ten thousand that he'll ever see us.'

"'It's that one chance I fear,' replied Anne. 'I am almost certain it will come, for it's always my fate to meet what every one else misses.'

"However, the young ladies didn't give up their project, though their fears were not quieted any, I'm thinking, when they discovered that they were to be the only ladies on board. They had fine weather, but when they were drawing near the West Indies, they spoke one or two craft, who gave 'em the cheering information that Conyngham and the *Revenge* were cruising somewhere about the Caribbees.

"The girls didn't say very much, but they contrived somehow to spend the most of the time on deck after that, and kept a pretty careful watch on all sides. It seems the crew were almost as badly frightened as the girls were, and would get together in little groups and watch for the coming of the *Revenge*. More than once the girls overheard the name of the terrible Conyngham whispered by the frightened sailors, and the sound didn't tend to make them any more calm and peaceful, or at least so I've been told.

"What frightened them more than anything else, though, was the action of the captain. He'd pace the quarter-deck for hours at a time, and though he didn't say much, the way he kept his glasses pointed all the time toward the horizon showed them more plainly than any words of his could have done just what was in his mind. It was 'Conyngham' all the time and everywhere. The

sailors whispered it, the captain looked it, and the girls thought it. But the ship held steadily to her course, the winds were favorable, and not a sign of the *Revenge* and 'the Arch Rebel' had as yet been discovered.

"It kept up this way until they were told they were only one day's sail from port, and naturally they were beginning to chirk up again and laugh at their fears, that is, all except Anne, who still declared that the one chance in ten thousand hadn't been lost yet, and she knew it was sure to come. The other girls laughed at her and pointed to the sailors, who now sang as they worked and seemed to believe that if, indeed, there really was such a man as Conyngham and such a brig as the *Revenge*, they had both been left far behind.

"Even the captain appeared to share in the feeling of the crew, and though he still kept his place on the quarter-deck, his face had an expression of relief upon it far different from that which it had borne for a good many days. Yes, sir; every one on board, except Anne, believed that the terrible pirate had either been hanged from the yardarm, as he richly deserved, or else had disappeared from that part of the sea. Some were even bold enough to laugh at the whole story, as I said, and pretended to think it was only a nursery tale, anyway.

"It was about eleven o'clock in the morning of that last day of the voyage. The sailors were singing, and Anne's companions were doing their utmost to laugh her out of her fears, which it seems had never left her for a minute. The captain was in his place on the quarter-deck and the watch was up aloft. The sea was smooth

and the wind was fair. Everybody was in good spirits, except Anne, who was still holding on to that one chance.

"Suddenly the watch called: 'A sail! A sail!'"

PART III

"In a moment all on board seemed to know just what was coming. The songs of the sailors stopped as if every man had suddenly been struck dumb, and the girls looked at one another as if they could speak, but didn't dare to. The captain seized his glasses and clambered up the shrouds and remained there so long that all knew he had sighted something which was mighty interesting, to say the least. The girls, who had remained on deck all the time, pretty soon could make out with the naked eye a sail away out on the horizon. Of course the ship crowded on all the canvas she could carry; but, bless you! that didn't appear to make any difference, for that distant sail kept creeping up nearer and nearer until they could plainly see she was fast overhauling 'em.

"Just about that time the captain seemed to have seen enough to satisfy him, too, for he came down the shrouds and stood on deck again. The girls crowded about him, and all but Anne began to question him, although his pale face ought to have been answer enough for 'em.

"'What is it? What is it?' said one of the girls, tremblingly.

"'It's a brig, that's what it is,' replied the captain.

"'It isn't the ——'

"'Yes, it is. There's no such rakish craft as that afloat except the *Revenge*. She's after us, too, and what's more, she'll overhaul us in short order. Nothing short of a miracle can save us from "the Arch Rebel," now.'

"Instantly there was a scene of indescribable confusion on board. The crew were doing everything in their power, but the ship seemed to be held back by leaden weights. Nearer and nearer drew that distant brig, and soon her heavy cloud of canvas, her rakish masts and long, low, narrow hull could be distinctly seen. The three girls were standing together, and two of 'em were crying and wringing their hands. Anne was the only one who didn't speak; but her face was just as white as the others' were, though she didn't make any fuss. She couldn't, you see, for she was 'Queen' Anne even then.

"'Ladies, you must go below. The cabin's the only place for you,' said the captain.

"'Oh, Captain, is it Conyngham? Is it the *Revenge?*' sobbed one of the girls.

"'Come,' said Anne, quietly enough, without giving the captain a chance to speak again; and, do you know, she just had to help both the other girls before they could make their way down to the cabin. The men were looking after themselves and the girls had to do likewise, if anything at all was to be done.

"They hadn't more than got inside the cabin before there was a puff of smoke, a boom of a great cannon, and a ball came skipping over the water straight across the bow of the ship.

"Anne's white face became whiter still at the sound,

and the two girls with her began to screech and cry and pray, and I don't know what all. I don't wonder they were scared, but that was the time when the 'queen' never flinched. She tried to quiet her two companions, though she knew pretty quick from the motion of the ship, or rather from the lack of motion, that something very particular was going on outside.

"Well, that's just exactly what was going on. Just as soon as the ship answered the hail, a boat with 'the Arch Rebel' and a half-dozen men put out from the *Revenge* and started straight for her. It was the *Revenge*, you see, and 'Queen' Anne's one chance in ten thousand had come true.

"You should have seen the sailors as they stood on deck watching that yawl come straight for 'em. There wasn't very much talking done; but there didn't seem to be any lack of thinking, and the thoughts didn't appear to be very pleasant ones, either.

"The yawl made good time and pretty soon her men were aboard the ship. The 'terrible' leader, Conyngham, stepped out in front of his mates and made bold to speak his piece; but you should have seen the look that came over the faces of all, from the captain down to the cook and the cabin boy, when they found out that I was 'the Arch Rebel.' I was a slim chap, only about twenty-five years old, as I told you. My face was all browned up, but it wasn't such a terrible face, after all, I'm told. I had light brown hair, a smooth voice, which wasn't very loud, and if they'd looked sharp they might have seen that I was doing the work not because I wanted to, but because I had to. I was in command of the *Revenge*,

and she'd been sent out to do the very thing we had on hand then, so I didn't have any choice about it, you see. I had to obey the orders given me the same as my men had to obey those I gave them.

"The preliminaries were soon arranged and the ship was to be sent as a prize straight to Baltimore, and not one word of protest was spoken by captain or crew. They all stood there speechless-like before the young rebel, who was clad in a blue blouse and blue trousers. I think my face had a half smile on it all the time, for I'd been afraid we wouldn't take the ship without a struggle, and I was mightily pleased that things turned out as they did.

"'There are some ladies on board,' the captain managed to say to me at last. I've a dim suspicion that 'the Arch Rebel' actually blushed as he heard the words; yes, blushed, sir, for while he didn't seem to be very much afraid of the men, slim chap though he was, he'd be bowled over by a look from a lady's eye quicker than by a cannon ball.

"'Where are they?' I managed to stammer out at last.

"'Down in the cabin. There are three of them.'

"'That changes matters a bit,' I said. 'I shall have to see them.'

"Then the terrible 'pirate,' a bright red spot showing through the brown on each cheek, went below. But do you know, sir, that he actually had to stop and pluck up courage before he could bring himself up to the point of going into the place where those ladies were? Funny, wasn't it?

"Pretty soon I rapped on the cabin door, but no response was made. Then I waited and rapped again, and finally I had to open the door myself. There sat two girls with their heads buried in their hands on the table in front of 'em and crying as if their hearts would break. But the third girl stood straight up and looked at me without flinching. It almost seemed to me as if her eyes snapped fire. That was Anne.

"In spite of the fact that I was 'the Arch Rebel,' I was completely taken back. Women were hard enough for me to meet, but young women — that was a good deal more than I had bargained for. I stood there before 'em swinging my cap and looking as foolish as you please. I couldn't get my voice for a minute, but finally I managed to say: —

"'I am very sorry, ladies, but the fortune of war compels you to be my guests for a time. I beg of you, however, to consider yourselves as guests, and not as prisoners.'

"I don't know whether it was because my voice was different from what they expected to hear or that the words I spoke seemed a bit strange. At all events they all looked up at me, and there was a pretty how to do for me. They didn't just know what to make of it, I fancy; but finally one of them, which same was Anne, looked me straight in the eye and broke out: —

"'Are you the captain of the *Revenge?*'

"I just bowed my prettiest, for I couldn't think of a single word to say.

"'Do you mean to tell me that you — *you* — are the terrible pirate, Conyngham?'

"'My name is Conyngham,' I replied, 'but as for being a pirate, that's a nursery tale to frighten children with. I am in the service of the United States of America, and all I've had to suffer for my country isn't worth mentioning here. But I do rebel against the stories the British have told about me. I've been shut up in their prisons, threatened with hanging, and a reward has been offered for me, dead or alive. Still, I trust I'm not so bad as I've been painted. At all events, I am no pirate; only a privateer with letters of marque signed by the President of the American Congress.'

"That was quite a long speech for me to make under the circumstances; but, sir, you should have seen the look that came into 'Queen' Anne's eyes when I'd finished. You'd have thought that I was the prisoner and she'd made the capture, and you wouldn't have been far wrong either. I was taken, there was no mistake about that, and I never escaped either, for this time it wasn't like the British prisons, you see."

PART IV

"The upshot of it all was that all three of the girls seemed to lose their fear, and twice during those two days when the brig and the ship kept together, they even dared to come on board the *Revenge* and see 'the Arch Rebel' aboard his own craft. I don't think I'll tell you of the talks we had, nor how Anne's fear all seemed to leave her; but in all my voyages I never had spent two such days as those on the summer sea off the West Indies in that year of '77.

"THEY EVEN DARED TO COME ON BOARD THE *REVENGE*."

"After two days I managed to put the ladies on board another ship, for I didn't just want to send them into Baltimore along with a prize crew and a captured vessel; but I managed it so that I saw 'em again, and even after they'd arrived all safe and sound at Baltimore, I found I had some particular business that called me there several times.

"There is a saying that too much familiarity breeds contempt, but it didn't seem to work just that way in this case. If you'd believe it, sir, in less than a year 'Queen' Anne had become my queen. Yes, sir, she was the wife of that monster, Conyngham, and a truer wife never breathed the blessed air of this free country.

"I could tell you of lots of things she did, though you perhaps wouldn't be so much interested as I was. But the one that was most talked about was this: I'd been unlucky enough to fall into the hands of the British again about a year after I was married, for I had to keep up my little part in that terrible struggle, whether I was married or not. And my captors declared that now no power on earth could keep me from swinging from the yardarm. It was a dark time for me, and I'd about made up my mind that I'd got to the end of my rope this time for sure. What did 'Queen' Anne do but write a letter that would almost move the dead and place it herself in Washington's hands! The general was so touched by it that he turned it over to Congress, and before any one fairly knew what was going on they'd passed a law, or a resolution, or whatever you call it, that if I was hanged they'd string up some of the British prisoners in the same way. I wasn't hanged, as perhaps you may

have noticed, but it was no fault of mine — it was all the doings of 'Queen' Anne.

"Of course it was too good to last long, and five years afterward, just when the war was ended and I thought I'd have a taste of what home life with Anne was like, my 'Queen' Anne went home to glory. It's been a long and lonesome cruise for me since, sir, for it's been five and forty year I've had to go alone. I've a notion that I'm nearing the port now, though, and as I said to you, I fancy I can almost hear the roll and roar of the breakers on that far-away shore. But, bless you! I'm not the least bit afraid, for I've been trying to lay my course according to the signals of my 'queen,' and she knew every foot of the way.

"I've kept her portrait hanging here above my desk ever since she left me. It's been chart and compass both to me. She knew just how and just where 'the Arch Rebel' ought to steer. You're not the first one to be struck by the beauty of that face and to ask me for the story I've just told you.

"Ah me! Five and forty year is a long, long time."

"I DO not see how you ever got through the lines."

"I have been journeying all the night. 'Tis true I several times saw bands of Tories, or detachments of the redcoats out for forage; but the darkness was my protection. At all events, I am here, and that is the best proof in the world that I have not been captured."

"And glad I am that you are in your own home once more! How long can you remain?"

"At nightfall I must go back to camp. The Light Troops will miss me if I delay longer. You see I am of some importance there, anyway."

"Not more than you are here. Do you really think the marauders are ignorant of your visit? Much as I delight to see you, I am nevertheless alarmed for your safety. What should I do without you?"

"No danger of the redcoats coming as far as Fair Spring. They are shut in now within very narrow limits. They venture only a few miles from Charleston; and, were it not for the Tories, their supplies would soon fail them. I fear our neighbors more than I fear the soldiers of King George."

"And so do I. If none of them has seen you, you may be safe here for the day; but I am anxious, more anxious than I can tell you."

Young Ralph Izard, aid-de-camp to the commander of the Light Troops of South Carolina in 1780, stooped

THE LIGHT TROOPS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

and kissed his wife reassuringly, and then turned and led the way within his house.

From the piazza on which they had been standing, the peaceful vision of Fair Spring, the name he had given his plantation, had been unbroken by any sign of war's rude alarms. It was a beautiful spot, and what it had cost the resolute young patriot to abandon the place and his still more beautiful young wife for the hardships of the camp, no one but he knew. But, his resolution enforced by the courage of his wife, he had gone, and now for the first time in months he was at home again, though only for a visit of a few hours.

His delight had been great at finding the plantation apparently unmolested and his wife safe. Mrs. Izard, not wishing to increase the anxiety of her patriotic young husband, had not referred to the visits she had received from the "outliers." Nor did she explain how on several occasions the only thing which had preserved her and the home from serious harm had been the gentle and lady-like manner in which she had met the marauders; for though they had taken many of her possessions, still they had been too much impressed by her bearing to inflict unnecessary damage.

Fair Spring was on the extreme border of the region in South Carolina then overrun by the British and Tories, and her only hope for the safety of her husband was that his visit in the remote locality would not be discovered by the alert enemy. The fact that the nearest bands were composed of her own neighbors added to her feeling of uneasiness, for of all the foes they were the most bitter.

But, striving to conceal her anxiety, she followed her husband to the dining room, where a breakfast was speedily prepared. And when Aunt Susan at last

placed her tempting viands upon the table, Ralph Izard was thoroughly ready for the meal. Not only was the food in striking contrast to the fare of the soldiers in the camp, but the young officer had been journeying all through the night, and now was as hungry as he was weary.

He had just seated himself and taken a piece of Aunt Susan's corn bread, when that worthy woman herself reëntered the dining room, her eyes betraying some great alarm, and her whole body trembling under the violence of her emotions.

"What is it, Susan? What is it?" demanded Mrs. Izard, quick to feel that something was wrong, and rising from her seat as she spoke.

"Dey's comin', Massa Ralph! Dey's comin'!"

"Who's coming?"

"De redcoat sojers. Dey's right in de lane now!"

Instantly Ralph Izard ran to the window. In the lane which led from the house to the road, a band of a dozen or more redcoats and Tories could be seen approaching, and the young soldier knew at once that his presence in his home had been discovered by his enemies. To escape now seemed impossible, for he could not leave the house without being seen, and to remain was certain capture.

For a moment he was almost dazed by his peril, but he was quickly recalled to the necessity of action by the touch of his wife's hand upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Ralph," she said in a low voice, "what can be done?"

"Nothing. It's too late to get away."

The tightening lips of the young soldier seemed to increase the wife's alarm, and she said eagerly: "You must hide, Ralph! You must hide! If you are taken then, you will be no worse off than before, and to attempt to defend yourself would be madness."

"Where can I hide?"

"In the attic. In the cellar. Anywhere. Come!" she added eagerly, as she perceived the band already near the house.

For a moment Ralph Izard hesitated. His hand instinctively crept to his sword, and his face became hard and stern. He was a soldier of his country, and he must take a soldier's chances.

"Come, Ralph! Come!" pleaded his young wife. "I have it now, just the place for you."

She was pulling upon his arm; and, as her husband glanced from the approaching men to her terror-stricken face, he yielded and followed her as she led the way to his own room. Then, opening the door into the clothes-press, she hastily thrust him in and turned the button upon the outside.

Left to himself, Ralph Izard could hear her as she ran swiftly from the room; and then he bethought himself of his own condition. In the darkness he could feel the garments hanging from the pegs, garments which he had purchased in Paris on the one visit which he and his wife had made across the sea. There were dress coats, and frilled mufflers, and many a dainty piece of work of which Mistress Izard had been so proud when her handsome young husband had donned them. His thoughts were somewhat bitter now as he pressed back against the

wall behind the garments, for there was small likelihood that he would ever wear them again. Even while he strove to cover himself with them, he could hear the voices of the men below, and in his excitement it did not seem possible to him that his hiding-place could escape the attention of his visitors.

Meanwhile Mistress Izard had opened the front door at the rude summons of the band; and, though her heart was beating fast in her anxiety, her outward appearance was calm. She was once more trusting that her gentle manners and soft answer might turn away the wrath of the marauders as it had done on previous occasions.

The very first words of the leader, however, almost made her heart cease beating, and her voice trembled in spite of all her efforts to control it.

"We've come for the rebel, Ralph Izard," he said brutally.

As he glanced up at the pale face before him, its womanly dignity perhaps moved him, for in a milder manner he added: —

"We know he is here, madam. He's been tracked, and there can be no mistake. I'm sorry for you, but it's the fortune of war. If he gives himself up quietly, there'll be no trouble."

"Is it so that you have learned Ralph Izard?" she said calmly, attempting to smile as she spoke. "Do you think, if he were here, he is one to give himself up 'quietly,' as you say?"

"He will have to give himself up, whether he does it quietly or not. We have come for him, and take him we will before we leave," replied the leader, firmly.

"I leave it to your own judgment if my husband would be likely to leave the camp in a time like this. I understand that your lines are pretty well pressed together now. Does it seem reasonable to you that he would strive to pass them and come here when his services may be needed in the camp and the end of the war is so near?"

"You evade my question, madam. Indeed, I do not ask you whether he is here or not, for I know that. The question is, whether or not he will give himself up peaceably and so avoid all further trouble."

"I fancy Ralph Izard could answer that question better than his wife," she replied, her eyes flashing for a moment.

"You do but parley, madam. Will he give himself up, or not?"

"I have told you all I know," said Mrs. Izard.

"Have a care, madam," said the leader, threateningly. "My men are not accustomed to such methods. They may find it necessary to smoke the rebel out, and then find a good target for their muskets."

The young woman felt as if something were clutching her by the throat as she heard the threat to set fire to the place; but, regaining control of herself by a great effort, she said steadily: "Your words cannot terrify a soldier's wife. I perceive that you will not be content until you have satisfied yourselves as to his whereabouts. If you will enter, I will assist you to search the house."

The leader turned to his men, and ordered a half-dozen to take their stand outside, while with the others he entered and at once began the search. First they

went into the cellar, and the frightened woman could hear them as they overturned the barrels and upset the various belongings there. In a few minutes they came up the stairs, and the leader said: "I did not think to find him there. He's more likely to be upstairs."

Mrs. Izard smiled, and said: "I will myself conduct you, if you will permit me. I wish you to satisfy yourselves."

The leader scowled, at first evidently having no mind to accept her offer; but, as she quietly joined them, he uttered no protest, and the search was at once begun. Stationing a guard below, the others at once proceeded to the attic, but not a trace of the rebel could be found. Then they continued their efforts on the floor below, Mistress Izard still remaining with them. At last they entered the room where the clothespress was in which the young officer was hidden, standing close against the wall and endeavoring to cover himself with the gay attire which was hanging from the pegs. Every word that was spoken was distinctly heard by the young patriot, and the gentle tones of his wife did not conceal from him the terrible strain under which she was laboring.

The critical moment had come at last, and soon he would know whether the loathsome prison at Charleston or the camp of his fellows was to be his portion. Every muscle was tense, and every nerve in his body seemed to be quivering. In his desperation he was almost ready to rush forth. The thought of his wife and the presence of these men in his home was almost more than he could bear.

Suddenly the door of the press was thrown open, and

he heard the voice of his wife. "In this press are some of my husband's unused garments," she was saying. "It might please you, gentlemen, to enter and continue your search there. He may be hiding in some pocket, perchance."

Would the men enter? The press was small and dark, and all that could be seen was the clothing hanging from the walls. The leader started to enter, and Ralph Izard's grasp on his sword tightened.

"The man isn't here. His wife wouldn't act this way if he was," said one of the men to the leader.

"I think you're right," replied the leader.

"My men will never be satisfied to go back empty-handed," he said to Mistress Izard. "If they cannot get the rebel, they will take some of his belongings."

"Do as you will," she replied. "You have satisfied yourselves that I have no protector, and I can offer no resistance."

In a few minutes the men had seized all the valuables they could discover, and were soon lost to sight in the road.

Then Mrs. Izard ran to the press, and in a voice choked with sobs summoned her husband.

"Oh, Ralph," she cried, "I thought they had found you!"

"They will yet, unless I go at once."

"What! Will it not be safe for you to remain now?"

"No, no. I am sure from the leader's tone that he will come back. There is a small body of our cavalry on the other side of the Ashley, and I will go at once to them."

Quickly as Ralph Izard departed, he was none too quick. In a few minutes back came the band, and without a word of explanation dashed up the stairs and entered the press. But the "rebel" was gone. If they could not secure the bird, they at least could take his plumage; and soon, dressed in the finery which had concealed its owner, they started once more up the road.

At Bacon's Bridge, however, they discovered the man for whom they had been searching; but this time he made no effort to hide himself. With his companions of the cavalry, he dashed upon the band, and only a few of the redcoats returned to their lines to tell of the disaster which had befallen them. Their stolen finery was speedily transferred by its rightful owner to his own comrades; and as they rode away, decked out as few of the hardy Continentals had ever been, Ralph Izard retraced his way to his home to complete the interrupted visit of the day.

In response to his expression of delight at the manner in which his good wife had foiled the searching party, Mistress Izard smiled, and said gently: "It is not *my* way, Ralph. It is the right way. A soft answer turns away wrath; and, if I do not forget that I am a lady any time and every time, others are not likely to forget it, either."

A VICTORIOUS RETREAT

"THERE they go, boys! There they go! Come on! Come on! The line's broken! We have them on the run! Come on! Follow me!"

Above the roar of the battle and the shouts and cries of the men, the voice of young Lieutenant Manning was heard summoning his followers; and without waiting to learn whether his words were heeded or not, the boyish officer started eagerly in pursuit of the "Old Buffs," whose lines were indeed wavering, and even while he shouted were seen to break and plunge back in the road up which they had so confidently marched a few moments before.

Among all the men engaged in that fearful struggle at Eutaw Springs, on the 8th of September, 1781, no one, not even Nathanael Greene himself, was so wild with excitement as was young Manning. His slight, boyish figure was quivering with eagerness. Thoughts of home and the country he was striving to defend were for the moment forgotten in the awful rage of battle. The proverbial "tug" which is said to come when Greek meets Greek is trivial compared with the contest which ensues when Saxon meets Saxon. These are the men who Dickens said could not be defeated, because they never had learned how to give up; and whether it

was on the soil of Britain or on the plains of South Carolina mattered little; the sterling qualities were the same.

Fortunately for the cause of the struggling Americans, the two deserters who had fled from Greene and brought word to the British that the Continentals were approaching had not been believed; and the British general, Stuart, in his false security had threatened to treat them as spies. But when his foraging party had been met by the advancing army and had fallen back in confusion, and a second division had been sent to their aid, and that, too, had given way, there could be no doubt as to the purpose of those unexpected Americans. In the flush of their unaccustomed success, the Continentals were taking every advantage of the occasion and were pushing forward on every side with a vigor which not even the well-drilled forces of King George III could long withstand. Now, directly before the division of General Lee, in which Lieutenant Manning was enrolled, the "Old Buffs," the most boastful regiment in the British army, had been compelled to give way, and were in full retreat.

It was not the first time the young lieutenant had had his quality tested. Not very long before the battle of Eutaw Springs, he had been selected by General Greene to conduct to the American lines a band of Scotch Highlanders who had settled near Cross Creek in North Carolina. The sympathies of these people, perhaps not unnaturally, were with the army from across the sea over which they themselves had so recently come; and their pretended zeal in the patriots' cause was conse-

quently much suspected. At all events, one stormy night on their march they had suddenly disappeared, and become, what they were afterwards called, "the lost army."

But Lieutenant Manning had been equal to the occasion, and had soon discovered their hiding-place. Then, when he had proceeded swiftly to General Lee with his information, and that officer in turn had communicated with Greene, a detachment was quickly sent to the place, and so severe a lesson was taught the recalcitrant patriots and their Tory friends who had recently joined them, that the spirit of revolt was for a time apparently crushed. And the one to receive the praise was Manning, for it was his quick wit and daring which had brought about the result.

Now in the battle of Eutaw Springs, when the same young leader saw the line of "Old Buffs" retreating before him, all his enthusiasm was once more roused, and without waiting to learn whether his platoon was following him or not, he plunged forward in pursuit.

For a time his slight and boyish figure was almost lost to sight in the mass of disordered men. He was smaller than any man in his company, and no one who did not know would have selected him as one of the bravest and most vigorous of all the men under the command of the "blacksmith from Rhode Island."

Yet, in spite of his slim figure, the muscles in his arm were almost like steel, and the grip of his hand was very like that of the vise his blacksmith-general might have used in former days. His agility and quickness and, above all, the courage and presence of mind which never

seemed to forsake him, had made him one of the marked men in the American army.

As soon as his call to his platoon had been given, Lieutenant Manning gave all his attention to the fleeing men before.

Struggling, endeavoring to make a stand, and then

From the painting by Chappel.

THE BATTLE OF EUTAW SPRINGS.

pushed back before the officers could rally their men, the whole line of the British was moving back, though the "Old Buffs" were making the best time of all. The guns of the men under Colonel Washington and Colonel Wade Hampton were pouring forth their heaviest fire, and the Virginia and Maryland men, yelling and cheering, were advancing for a bayonet charge.

The scene was indescribably terrible. Shouts of the excited men, calls of the determined officers, the roar of the cannon, the reports of the muskets, were mingled with groans and cries of the wounded. War a grand thing? Its horror, its cruelty and carnage, were never more fully illustrated than on that day, when the pent-up feelings of patriot and loyalist clashed on the battlefield.

Straight into the place where the British had been encamped rushed the young lieutenant, and, glancing quickly about him, discovered that the precious stores there had been destroyed. Up the Charleston road he could see men fleeing, and his first impulse was to turn and follow with those who had already started in pursuit. He could see that his comrades had already secured many prisoners, and were dragging over the field two pieces of cannon which they had seized from the enemy.

In an instant, however, his purpose changed when he beheld a mass of British soldiers pressing toward the large brick house near the great spring. Then, without once looking behind him to see whether his own men were near him or not, he redoubled his efforts and began to run toward the building. His determination increased when he observed that many of the York Volunteers, led, or rather commanded, by Colonel Cruger, were also rushing toward the same brick house for which the "Old Buffs" were making.

Faster and faster ran the young officer, his face now flushed with his exertions and the heat of the early sun; but, rapid as were his movements, those of the men

before him were equally fleet, and in a moment he saw some of them storming into the open doorway. Quickly their companions followed them, and from the windows above appeared the heads and shoulders of those who were safe and had not cast away their guns. Soon the old brick house was filled to its utmost capacity, and then Lieutenant Manning saw some of the "Old Buffs" push back others who were striving desperately to enter the place of refuge; but the door was closed, and a few were left outside.

Then for the first time Lieutenant Manning halted. At the windows he could see the men with their guns, and between him and the building were the few men who had been shut out from the shelter of the house. With not a thought, however, of abandoning the contest now, he turned to call upon his platoon to dislodge the soldiers in the windows.

"Come on, boys!" he shouted. "Come —" Suddenly he stopped. He was the only Continental near the spot!

For a moment the brave heart almost ceased to beat. Fully two hundred yards behind him was the nearest of his friends. His presence had been discovered by the men in the windows now, and already he could see several bringing their guns to their shoulders and preparing to fire upon him. It was a moment of decisive consequence. He was still grasping his sword, but all his other weapons had been lost in the race. If he should turn to run, he would be shot in the back, and that was a thought he could not bear. Still, to remain where he was was certain death.

All of these things flashed through his mind in an instant. Suddenly he beheld near him one of the officers of the "Old Buffs." He was a corpulent man, and his face was almost purple, so violent had been his efforts to keep up with his comrades and gain the shelter of the old brick house. There was no weapon of any kind in his hands, and perhaps at another time the young lieutenant might have laughed at the plight of the wheezing, puffing, struggling man, but there was no opportunity now to indulge in mirth.

The sight of the running officer had instantly suggested a plan to Manning. As the breathless man passed him, the lieutenant started in pursuit, and in a moment had grasped the ponderous officer by the shoulders from behind, and, exerting all his strength, held his prisoner directly before him as a shelter from the threatened fire from the windows. For a brief time the captive struggled to free himself; but he was held as in a grip of steel, and speedily desisted, not even being able to lift his hand to his perspiring face.

The situation was critical and comical. Peering over the shoulder of his protector, Manning could see that a half-dozen guns were aimed at him, but not one was discharged. They could not hit Manning, concealed as he was behind the corpulent prisoner, without endangering the "Old Buff"; and that was something not one of his friends cared to do.

"Why don't you shoot?" called the lieutenant, tauntingly.

As no one replied, he began to back away, still drawing his protector with him as a tug might have drawn

an ocean steamer. The "Old Buff" was too nearly exhausted to offer any resistance, even if his strength had been equal to that of his captor; but to Lieutenant Manning's surprise, he began to speak.

"'WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT?' CALLED THE LIEUTENANT, TAUNTINGLY."

"I — I — I am Sir Hen — Henry Barry," he ejaculated as well as his breathless condition would permit. "I — I am Henry Barry, deputy adjutant-general of — of — the British army, c — c — captain in the Fif — fifty-second R — r — regiment, secretary to — to — the commandant of Charleston."

"Enough, enough, sir," said the lieutenant, tightening his grasp as he spoke. "You are just the man I was

looking for. Fear nothing for your life; you shall screen *me*, and I will take special care of *you*."

The conversation was not continued. Slowly and steadily Manning retreated, all the time keeping his prisoner before him. Step by step, foot by foot, he retraced his way. The guns from the windows were still aimed at the slowly moving pair, but were not discharged. At last, with a sigh of relief, the lieutenant found himself once more among his friends. He quickly disposed of the captive, and then instantly turned to resume his duties.

And his aid was required, for the British army, like the true Britons of which it was composed, was not yet ready to accept the result of the battle as final. Rallying again, they held a position from which Greene was not able to drive them, and, though they retreated on the following evening, they claimed the battle, as did also their American cousins. It is left for readers of history to decide as to the relative merits of the claims.

It was while Lee's men were in pursuit of Stuart that Lieutenant Manning found time to explain to his friends how it was that he had been caught in his predicament.

"You see," he said, "my father always told me if I thought I could do anything, to try it. 'Try it, boy; try it,' he would say to me whenever I asked him if he thought I could do something I had in mind; and that's what I always have done. I suppose it's wiser sometimes to get lots of advice; but, after all, 'Try it, boy; try it,' has always been my motto, and I find if there's a way in, there's one out, too."

As the lieutenant was about twenty-three years of

age at the time, his words lacked perhaps the flavor of age, and yet there is a deal of truth in them. It is the old question as to whether the enthusiasm of youth or the counsels of age are the better. At all events, it is safe to say to any one with a strong purpose and honest desire in his heart: "Try it, boy; try it." It may not lead to such a deed as that into which Lieutenant Manning was drawn by his zeal, but the very presence of the desire is an earnest of success. One honest endeavorer is worth an army of dreamers.

"Try it, boy! Try it!"

THE RIDE OF BEHETHLAND MOORE

BEHETHLAND MOORE was standing in the lane which led to her stepfather's house, listening intently as she peered up the road which stretched away in the distance. She made a picture beautiful to look upon, as the beams of the afternoon sun fell full upon her fair young face. She was but fifteen years of age at the time, though a woman in size and bearing; and as for her spirit, few women in South Carolina or any other of the colonies could have surpassed her. For Behethland was a soldier's daughter. Many a time before her father's death, she had heard him tell the tale of the terrible defeat of Braddock near Fort Duquesne, when he and only a few besides him had somehow escaped from the region. The fact that her mother had since married Francis Foote, a man of peace, mattered little to her, for she was still the daughter of Lieutenant Moore, and had her own father's name to uphold.

All through the early hours of that day she had been assisting her little brothers in gathering the scanty store of apples which yet remained on the plantation, but not even this unusual exertion, nor the beams of the autumn sun, accounted for the unnatural color in her cheeks. Only two hours ago, word had been received that a band of Tories was approaching, and it was not likely

to pass the Foote homestead without stopping for such plunder and forage as yet remained upon the plantation.

Not a man was near the place; besides the few slaves, only Behethland, her mother, her two younger brothers, and a young friend named Fanny Smith were at home. It was not the first time that the Tories had come there on their raids, and the young girl had been compelled to take the part of leader of the household. Indeed, as she stood in the lane now she was thinking of one visit which the Tories had made, and how when she had ordered the slaves not to give over her father's horse, the officer had laughed at her boldness to be sure, but had yielded to her demand. Perhaps this time, too, she might be able to do something, she thought. All the valuables had been carefully concealed, and the expected visit was awaited with an anxiety which even Behethland with all her courage could not entirely conceal.

The fact that the approaching band might be composed of her own neighbors did not in the least detract from the young girl's alarm, for the bitterest feelings of the war were not always those of the contending armies. Men who had been lifelong friends and neighbors had taken opposite sides in the conflict; and, as the cruel war was prolonged, it had come to pass that ofttimes a man's foes were of his own household.

It was the knowledge of these things that increased her anxiety, as Behethland Moore kept her vigil in the lane on that autumn afternoon in 1779. An hour had passed since she had taken her stand there, and she was just beginning to hope that the alarm had been false, when she suddenly stopped and, with her hand over her

eyes, peered intently at a distant spot in the road where a cloud of dust could be seen.

A brief glance was sufficient to confirm her worst fears, and, turning, she ran swiftly back to the house, where the group of inmates at once surrounded her.

"What is it, Beth?" said her mother, tremblingly. "Are they coming?"

"Yes, they'll be here in a few minutes."

The pale faces became paler, but there was nothing to be done except to await events, and Behethland at once assumed the position of leader. She ordered the slaves to resume their labors, and then took her place with the family to wait for the coming of the Tory band.

They had not long to wait, for in a brief time the men, all mounted and led by an officer in uniform, turned into the lane and approached the house. As they drew closer, Behethland could see the bodies of fowls or luckless pigs hanging from the saddles; and, if she had needed confirmation as to the object of the horsemen, it would have been found in the few things they had thus far secured in their raid. She smiled grimly as she thought that their possessions were not likely to be increased largely by anything which they might now obtain in her house.

There was not much time given, however, for such thoughts as these, for at a word from the leader the men halted, and Behethland stepped forth from the open door.

"We are a band of Loyalists," said the leader, as he saw the young girl, "and necessity compels us to search for food and forage. I doubt not you are willing to give of what you have for such a cause."

"You've come to take what we have whether we're willing or no," replied Behethland, sturdily. "I don't know why you stop to parley with me."

"Perhaps it is useless," said the leader, good-naturedly; "but we still have to go through the forms of politeness."

"AT A WORD FROM THE LEADER THE MEN HALTED, AND BEHETHLAND STEPPED FORTH FROM THE OPEN DOOR."

The young girl made no reply, and the men speedily began their search. Some were ordered to go to the barns, while others entered the house and rudely began to look for provisions or valuables. Closets were entered, beds were cut into pieces, and not a room in the house escaped their search; but there was little to

reward them for their labors, for the few remaining valuables had been carefully concealed.

Meanwhile, the trembling inmates were huddled together in one of the rooms below, and Behethland stood like a sentinel in the doorway, angrily watching the men as they continued their disorderly search. The red spot on each of her cheeks became darker as the young girl followed the proceedings, but as yet she had restrained herself, and had not spoken since their entrance.

Suddenly she heard the men laughing in the room above, and in a moment one of them called to his friends below: "Look out, there! We'll have something to show for our trouble and pains, after all. Look out!"

The men in the room turned and glanced curiously toward the stairway.

"Look sharp there!" called the man above, and as he spoke he emptied the two barrels which Behethland and her little brothers had just filled with the apples, and the fruit came rolling and tumbling down the stairway.

With a laugh the men below began to scramble for the apples, but the sight was more than the young girl could endure. Were all her labors of the morning to go to feed the men whom she detested?

Behethland darted forward, and standing before the men, with flashing eyes she said: "Here! Don't you touch those apples! They're mine, every one of them!"

The men looked up in surprise, and then with a laugh at her boldness began once more to gather the tempting fruit before them.

Again she angrily demanded of them to stop, and the officer in command, moved by her fearlessness, laugh-

ingly said to the band: "Leave the wench her apples, men. We'll have all the fruit we want before morning if we get to the rebel Wallace's camp. There's nothing more here we want. Come on!"

Seizing a few of the apples in their hands, the men obeyed; then, leaping into their saddles, they went speeding down the lane and rapidly disappeared from sight.

"I don't see how you dared to do it, Beth," said Fanny, when the Tories were gone.

"My father was with Braddock!" replied Behethland, her eyes still blazing with excitement. "Did you hear what that man said?" she added.

"What man?"

"Why, that one in red. He made me think of a tom turkey with all his finery."

"No. What did he say?"

"That they would be in Captain Wallace's camp before morning. Fanny," she quickly added, "we must get warning to him."

"'We'? I don't see what we can do."

"Listen, then, and I'll tell you."

What Behethland Moore said has never been recorded, but her plan became apparent when darkness came. Accompanied by her girl friend and one of her brothers, Behethland went to the bank of one of the branches of the Saluda River, on which her stepfather's plantation was situated, and, drawing forth a canoe from its place of concealment, took her place with her paddle in the bow. Her friend was in the stern, also holding a paddle, while the little brother was in the center.

"Are you all ready?" called Behethland.

"Yes."

"Then off we go, and remember we must save Captain Wallace to-night."

The paddles struck the water together, and the light little canoe moved out upon the stream into the midst of the darkness. The long shadows were about them, and the cries of the night birds sounded weirdly in the forest. Both girls knew that it was the time when the marauders went abroad, and the fate which would be theirs if they should fall into the hands of these desperate men made their faces blanch and their hands tremble.

Still they labored, paddling quietly and yet with feverish haste. The shining stars twinkled above them in the heavens, the river rolled silently on beneath their light canoe, the dim outlines of the shore seemed to sweep past them. Not once did the determined girls cease their labors.

Mile after mile was passed, and still the camp could not be seen. Had they come too late? Had Captain Wallace already been overpowered and borne away with all his men, captives of the relentless Tories?

The thought roused Behethland to renewed efforts, and in a low voice she called to her friend: "We must be almost there, Fanny. Can you keep it up a little longer?"

"I'll try."

The canoe darted forward with increasing speed, and neither of the girls knew that the other's hands were raw and bleeding, and that every stroke now was a cause of pain.

On and on flew the canoe. The darkness had deepened, and even the cries of the birds could no longer be heard. The very silence was oppressive. Every tree might be the hiding place of their enemies, and at any moment they might hear the sound of guns which would show that they had come too late, and that the errand was worse than useless. Still the brave girls struggled on, their breath coming in short, quick gasps now, and the paddles sometimes missing the water altogether. The end had almost come, for their strength was gone and they must rest.

Behethland was about to turn to her companion and bid her cease, though the current would carry them rapidly backward, when she suddenly stopped and peered at the twinkling lights before her. Surely they were not stars. In a moment, convinced that they were the light of the camp fires, she called to her friend: —

"We're almost there, Fanny! The camp's right ahead."

Once more they began to paddle, and in less than a half hour gained the camp and gave the warning. Captain Wallace and his men were safe.

Then, refusing all offers of aid, Behethland Moore and her companion returned to their canoe, satisfied to let the swift current bear them home again. Before morning they were once more safe in her mother's house.

As this is a truthful narrative, the story must go on to tell what occurred that very next morning; for before noon a young American officer rode up the lane, and was met at the doorway by Behethland Moore herself. He had come, he said, to learn from the girls' own lips

the story of the midnight journey. He was astonished when he learned that Behethland was the one whose courage had saved the camp, but of their conversation there is no record. However, when a few years had passed, during which Behethland Moore had lived at Camden, both to escape the perils near her home and to enjoy the advantages of the school there, she became the wife of this very same young American officer, who had been so impressed by her heroic warning to the camp of Captain Wallace. And the young wife had every reason to be proud of her husband, for he was William Butler, who served his state in Congress for thirteen years, and in the second war with England was made a major-general in command of the South Carolina forces at Camden.

In the Butlers' home the story of the young girl's warning to the Whigs was one frequently told, for it was well worth the telling. Behethland Moore Butler was not brave because she took that ride; but she took it because her brave and true spirit made her faithful to any call to duty. Her children rose up to call her blessed, and her sons were an honor to her name.

A NOVEL ESCAPE

"FATHER'S escaped! Moses has just brought me word," said John Russell, as he ran to the steps of the broad veranda.

His mother rose quickly from her chair and looked down at the eager boy on the steps below her. He was a sturdy South Carolina boy, at this time about sixteen years of age. His mother's slight figure was trembling, and a bright red spot had appeared on each cheek.

"Are you sure, John?" she asked in a low tone.

"Yes, sure! It seems that the British escort had gone but halfway to Charleston when a band of five Whigs met them. They had a bit of an argument, and the upshot of it was that father made off. Strange about these Whigs happening to meet them, wasn't it?"

John, unable to restrain his feelings longer, threw his hat high in the air, and, rushing up the steps, seized his "little mother" in his arms and began to dance with her about the porch.

"What's that you say? Your father's escaped?"

John hastily released his mother and turned to face the gruff-voiced Captain Heald of the British service, who had just come out of the open door. The boy's manner instantly changed, although he could not conceal his exultation as he replied: "Yes, sir; he's escaped! He had no fancy to spend any more time in the 'provost'

at Charleston. It isn't a fit place for vermin, to say nothing of human beings."

"I ought to have hanged him, and you, too!" replied the captain. "It's the only way to deal with such rebels!"

"Hanging, sir," said John, "seems the thing your party do best; unless you have a still stronger fancy for quartering yourselves on your betters."

"Fine parole you've kept!" sneered the captain. "I'll warrant, if the truth were known, you yourself had a share in this escape of your father."

"I'm under no parole not to help my father to freedom," said John.

The captain looked at him angrily a moment, and then, without making any further reply, turned and went down the steps and across the lawn to join some of the soldiers who were quartered on the plantation.

"I beg you to be careful, John," said his mother, anxiously, when they were alone again. "You know that man can do whatever he pleases here."

"No," replied John, "he cannot frighten me with his bluster and his red coat!"

"But you must not provoke him. Tarleton has given him full command in this district, and he has already committed outrages that no British regular officer would venture."

In fact, the war in South Carolina was largely a conflict of partisans native to the soil, and Tory Americans often committed against Whig Americans high-handed acts from which officers accustomed to the procedure of military law would have shrunk.

"Very well," said John, laughing to reassure his mother. "He hasn't any great cause for liking me, that's a fact. I've let the pigs out of the pens and scared away the chickens, and told the negroes where to hide some of the stuff in the barns. But this last work is the worst — this sending word, as I did, by Moses to Dick Eddy to look out for father when he passed. Heald will never forgive me for that. I'm not afraid, though," he added, as he left his mother and followed the captain across the lawn.

Even in his excitement the beautiful summer day had an influence to soothe him. All about him lay the fertile lands of Ridgefield, his father's plantation, one of the most beautiful in all the South. Behind him was the great house in which he had been born, flanked by the quarters of the negroes and the spacious barns. Off on the left was a grove, and below the hill was the slow stream. John would have felt the sweet influences of the hour more but for the presence of thirty men in scarlet, who now were the virtual masters of the place.

Only a week earlier Captain Heald had somehow gained information that Major Russell and his son had left Sumter's army for a brief visit home, so the Tory band had at once swooped down and captured both. John had been left on parole, and his father had escaped; but Ridgefield was now occupied by "Tarleton's men," and its beauty for John was largely gone.

He stopped and watched the guards doing "sentry go" in the road and out by the grove beyond the house, and the longer he watched them the more helpless and angry he felt. "Great liberty, this!" he muttered.

"Shut up here like a pig in a pen! Not that there are many pigs left here now," he added, smiling grimly. "Oh, well, I hope father'll do something, now that he's got away."

"John," said his mother, when he returned to the house, "Captain Heald is going to leave."

"Good for Captain Heald! When is he going?"

"To-night. Lieutenant Mott is to be left in charge here."

"He's not so bad as the other. Where's the captain going?"

"I think over to Fort Granby."

"Humph! Probably to set some one on father's tracks. He'll never get him, though. Hello! Here comes the captain now, and he's all dressed to leave!"

A colored man soon brought the captain's horse, and as the officer swung himself lightly into the saddle, John, taking off his hat and bowing low, called out: "Good-by, Captain! We'll speed the parting guest, although we can't welcome the coming!"

Captain Heald made no reply, but turned on John a threatening look, at which the boy laughed.

That day went by, and on the following morning John was wandering about the place, idly watching the soldiers, longing to be with his father, and wishing he had not given his parole to stay on the plantation, when a black servant came to him and said that his mother wished to speak with him at the house. He went, and found his mother at the door. An expression of agony was on her face.

"What is it, mother?" he asked.

"Go up to your room, John, and I'll tell you."

The boy ran swiftly up the stairs, and held the door of his room open for his mother to enter. She closed and locked the door behind her, and then, handing a letter to him, said, "I found this in the dining room after Lieutenant Mott left the breakfast-table."

John took the letter from his mother's hand and read:

FORT GRANBY, August 6, 1780.

LIEUTENANT MOTT: Upon receipt of this, you will at once take and hang that young rebel, John Russell. He has violated his parole and is entitled neither to a further hearing nor a trial. Hang him before sunset to-night. I shall expect to receive word by to-morrow morning. HEALD.

John's face turned deadly pale, then red with anger. "I have not broken my parole!" he cried. "I never gave a promise that I would not help father to escape. This is murder, and —"

"I think Lieutenant Mott dropped that letter in the dining room intentionally," broke in his mother. "He's not so bad as Captain Heald. He won't carry out the order."

With a great effort John controlled his voice. "We'll see, mother. If it is really an order, I suppose he'll have to carry it out — unless I escape."

"He might let you escape."

"No, little mother. But don't give up. I'll find a way out."

He kissed his mother, unlocked the door and walked slowly down the stairs and out upon the veranda. Lieu-

tenant Mott was coming up the steps, and as he met John he gave him a keen glance of sympathy. But that was all. Not a word or sign to show that he would not carry out his order.

Hanged! The very crickets seemed to be chirping it. Over and over the word kept repeating itself in John's mind, as he walked slowly across the lawn. He saw that he was now no longer bound by his parole. His word of honor had held him, but the order to hang him released him from the bond. He would escape if he could; but wherever he went, red-coated soldiers were lounging lazily about, and up and down the road marched the sentries with their muskets over their shoulders.

If it were only night! In the darkness he might escape, but it was not yet noon. The very words of the letter came back to him, "Hang him before sunset to-night"!

And this was to be the end of it all! To be hanged! It was too horrible to think of! Every avenue of escape was blocked, and in sheer desperation he returned to the house and made his way noiselessly up the stairs to his room. His mother was not there, and relieved by the thought that she was not present to look upon him in his weakness, he bolted the door and seated himself by the table, on which stood a miniature of her. As he looked at it, he dropped his head upon his arms and sobbed in an agony of despair.

He was roused by the sound of the dinner bell. He must go down and somehow conceal his feelings. He bathed his face and, somewhat relieved by his tears, prepared to join the family in the room below.

Only his sisters were there when he entered, and he knew at once by the expression upon their faces that his mother had not shown the letter to them. He choked down a few mouthfuls of food, but he could not eat. Excusing himself from the table on the plea that he wished to find his mother, he ran swiftly up to her room and rapped upon the door.

He had to repeat his summons before it was opened, and then it was only far enough to enable his mother to see who the visitor was. She drew him inside, and hastily closed and bolted the door again.

John almost broke down when he looked at her, so woeful and desperate was her expression. He must cheer her with some hope, and his own courage revived at the cheerful tone which he assumed: —

"Little mother, none of the Russells was ever hanged, and I shall not be the first."

"What will you do, my son?" Her voice sounded as if it were far away, and John looked up quickly as he replied: "I shall make a break for it, if I must. I'd rather be shot in trying to get away than be hanged."

"You are my own brave laddie," said his mother, rising. "Do your best, John; but if you have to —"

"I know, I know," he murmured, as for one moment he returned her frantic embrace; and then, not daring to look back, he left the room.

After crossing the lawn he seated himself beneath a large shade tree to collect his thoughts and survey the place. Everything was as it had been. The guards were marching up and down in the road; the idle soldiers were lounging about the tents; the locusts

were calling in the trees, and peace apparently was over all.

"I'll have to try it. They may come for me any time now," he thought, suddenly rising and starting toward the guard in the upper road. He could feel that his mother was watching him, but he dared not look toward her windows. The testing time had come and now it was to be a struggle for life.

He walked leisurely up the road, although his heart was beating furiously. He would try not to attract attention, and it was no unusual thing for him to join the men on guard. They all knew he was on parole, and besides, there were their guns if he should try to get away.

"It's hot to-day, Tom," he said, as he approached.

"You'd think it was if you had to carry a gun up and down this dusty road."

"I'd be glad to relieve you, Tom. You rest a bit, while I take your place."

"That's kind of you," laughed the guard, "but I fear it won't do, sir," and he passed on, while John seated himself to await his return.

He glanced at the soldiers in the tents near by. How easily they could reach him, and only one word would bring them all after him! But he must take his chances. There was no other way, and when the guard turned his back again he would try it.

Just then a little, lean, half-starved pig came out of the woods and stood for a moment stupidly staring at the boy before him. "Poor fellow!" thought John. "You're in the same box with me. Tarleton's men will treat us alike."

He looked up and saw the returning guard. The pig saw him, too, and as if inspired by a sudden fear, it gave a startled grunt and darted up the road.

"Here, sir, help me catch the pig!" shouted the guard, starting swiftly in pursuit of the runaway. "It's the last on the place."

John needed no second invitation, and in a moment he and the guard were following the pig, which was running as if it knew its life was in danger. The soldiers rushed from their tents, and stood laughing and cheering the pursuers. To them it was a comedy to see the sentry and the prisoner striving to catch one poor little half-starved pig; but to John the pursuit had all the elements of a tragedy. Life or death lay in the outcome for him.

He flung aside his hat and coat, and put forth all his strength. Dripping with perspiration, streaked with dust, almost breathless, he sped on. Once he came close upon the frightened pig, but he took good care to fall upon it in such a manner that the little "porker" only emitted a terrified squeal and redoubled its speed.

"Hold! Hold!" shouted the guard, who was behind now. "Let him go! We can't catch him!"

John glanced quickly back, and saw that he was out of range of the soldiers' muskets. His speed increased as he realized that the supreme moment had come at last. Only the gun of the guard was to be feared now.

"Halt!" shouted the guard again. "Stop, or I shoot!"

John only drew his head down between his shoulders. His heart almost ceased to beat. The report of the gun

"'HALT!' SHOUTED THE GUARD AGAIN. 'STOP, OR I SHOOT!'"

rang out, and he nearly fell to the ground as he heard the bullet whistle over his head.

A few days afterward, when he was with his father in Sumter's army near Camden, just before the terrible battle, and for the second time had been relating the story of his escape, he added, "That little porker did a double duty. He saved his bacon, and he saved mine, too."

A SINGLE-HANDED CAPTURE

It was afternoon of a summer day in the year 1780. Already the sun was low in the western sky. The heat from the sandy South Carolina road was still rising, however, and causing eddies in the air that were visible to the eyes of Gavin Witherspoon, who for two hours had been concealed among the branches of a tall tree that stood near the border of the forest.

Although he had been intently watching the road beneath him, not a sign of life had he seen, not a sound had he heard except the metallic chorus of the locusts or the occasional cry of a bird that rose from the depths of the woods behind him.

Still, though he was stiff and sore from the cramped position he had been holding, Gavin had no thoughts of abandoning his place, for he was there in obedience to the orders of that gallant "rebel," Francis Marion himself, and the spirit of the leader had already imparted itself to his men, so that no task was looked upon as done until it was done well.

And young Gavin Witherspoon was no exception; for, although he was but a young soldier, being barely twenty years of age, he had already had experience in the raids of Marion's men in 1780. In the sudden dash from some hiding place upon a passing baggage train, or the cutting off of some stragglers from the camp, or the

seizure of a force of Tories on their way to join their friends, he had had a share; and his present task was by no means so difficult or perilous as others in which he had lately engaged.

But the hour was now approaching when he had agreed to meet his friends at a well-known place in the adjacent swamp. Two hours before this time he had parted from three young comrades, to each of whom a duty similar to his own had been assigned. It had been understood that all were to assemble before sunset at a place agreed upon, and go back to the spot where Marion and his men were waiting for them to bring the word that doubtless would call for immediate action on the part of the fearless band of patriots, who were doing their utmost to protect their families and possessions from the invading army and the Tory neighbors. For the latter were hated and feared as were no soldiers of the king, so intense had become the bitterness of feeling throughout South Carolina.

FRANCIS MARION.

When Gavin parted from his comrades, he had sought a hiding place among the leaves of the tree, first having concealed his gun in a clump of bushes near the base. But after his long vigil he was beginning to fear that the object for which he had come was not to be attained, and that to remain longer where he was would be useless.

Acting upon the thought, he drew back and was preparing to make his way to the ground, when he suddenly stopped and turned to listen intently.

In a moment, convinced that his senses had not deceived him, he was once more lying outstretched upon the branch, peering sharply down upon the roadway, but devoutly trusting that he himself was unseen. Nor had he been mistaken, for soon there passed directly beneath him seven men, all armed, though they were not clad in uniform.

But Gavin knew to which side they belonged, for they were all neighbors of his, every one of whom he could call by name. And he knew them to be Tories of the most intense and bitter kind.

It is difficult for us in these piping times of peace to understand the bitter feeling of neighbor opposed to neighbor, and even of father against son, as it existed in that year of 1780 in South Carolina. But Gavin understood, and excitedly watched the men as they passed with apparent unconcern beneath his hiding place and speedily disappeared from sight in the midst of the trees of the adjacent forest.

As soon as he was confident that they were gone, he hastily descended to the ground and, securing his gun,

prepared to set forth for the meeting place, for the task to which he had been assigned was now done, — he had ascertained who and how many were in the force which Francis Marion had learned was to march from the neighborhood to join Colonel Rawdon's troops encamped at a little settlement twenty miles away.

Other Tories were expected to march by other near-by roads, and Gavin knew that his recent companions had been stationed at various places to watch and count just as he himself had been doing.

Satisfied now that his own duty was done, he proceeded leisurely along the road toward the spot where he was to turn into the great swamp. He had gone only a part of the way when he was startled by a call from behind him; and, stopping abruptly, he beheld three men approaching. Evidently they were in great haste, for they were running at their utmost speed, and in a brief time he recognized them as his own friends.

"What is it? What's wrong?" he demanded eagerly as they came nearer.

"They're after us! Come! Come on! We've no time to waste," replied one.

"Mounted?" inquired Gavin, as he began to run with them.

"No. Lucky for us, too, that they're not! There! There they are now!" his friend added quickly, as a shout arose behind them.

Just emerging from the woods, a force of twenty or more men could be seen (to Gavin it seemed as if there were many more); and, as they obtained a glimpse of the young men, a scattering volley was fired. But the

distance was too great for them to fire accurately, though the sound served to increase the speed at which the excited soldiers were running.

There was no more conversation now, but every one held doggedly to his pace and was exerting himself to the utmost. On and on they sped, glancing occasionally behind them, only to learn that their pursuers were by no means discouraged and were still following them.

"Look there! See that, will you?" exclaimed Gavin, stopping suddenly as another body of men appeared in the road before them and at once began to run swiftly toward them. The newcomers were seen by the pursuers, too, and in a moment their shouts were answered. The speed of the fugitives increased.

"We're caught!" exclaimed one of the young men with Gavin.

"Not yet! In here! Come on!" called Gavin, as, darting from the roadside, he plunged into the swamp, followed at once by all three of his companions.

A shout arose from front and rear as the young men disappeared within the swamp, for their capture was now looked upon as certain. There were few paths in the dense morass, and not one of them was near the spot where Gavin and his friends entered. To escape seemed impossible.

The shouts of the men in the road could be distinctly heard by the boys, and the sounds indicated that the men were rapidly approaching.

"Come on! Follow me!" called Gavin, in a low voice, as, without hesitating a moment, he leaped from one mound to another and dashed forward.

His friends followed. Slipping into the mud, falling, stumbling, sinking to their waists and being hauled out by the combined efforts of others who had obtained a firmer foothold, they kept on until at last the sounds of their pursuers could no longer be heard and they had gained the place they were seeking.

"We couldn't do that again if our lives depended upon it," said one.

"Don't have to do it again," replied Gavin, grimly. "Once is enough, to judge from your looks."

"Can't look any worse than you do, Gavin."

"It's getting dark, and we shan't be able to see either one another or our way," said Gavin. "What shall we do now?"

"Put straight for camp."

"I think we'd better wait two or three hours. We may be followed, and if we wait awhile we'll stand a better chance. They might get us in the path, but they never can find us here," suggested Gavin.

It was finally agreed that they should remain where they were and wait till the darkness should come. They were confident that then, if they were not pursued, they would be able to make their way along the path in the swamp and return to the place where the "Swamp Fox" and his men were awaiting their coming.

But when an hour had elapsed, young Gavin Witherspoon, impatient and eager to return, rose from his seat on the ground and declared that he would go alone to learn whether or not the way was clear or whether they were being watched.

As no protest was made, he at once departed from the

hiding place and, soon striking into a path, began to move swiftly over the way with which even in the dim light he was familiar.

He had gone about a quarter of a mile, when he stopped abruptly as the sound of men's voices was heard directly in front of him. Hastily darting into the swamp, he waited breathlessly for the men to come nearer; but though the voices could still be heard, no one approached.

Puzzled by the fact, Gavin at last crept once more into the path and slowly and cautiously advanced. Step by step he drew near the place from which the sound of the voices came, frequently stopping and glancing keenly about him to make sure that his presence had not been discovered. At last he halted. He had caught a glimpse of a group of men seated in a semicircle around a smoldering fire.

Even then he was not satisfied, but, crawling on his hands and knees, he stole forward until by peering through the bushes he could see before him seven men, whom he soon recognized as the very same band of Tory neighbors that had passed in the afternoon beneath his hiding place in the tree.

But what were they doing here? Gavin resolved to learn; and, motionless as the stump beside which he was kneeling, he listened as he watched intently the unsuspecting men before him.

"I tell you," one of the men was saying, "they've got away. It's useless for us to stay here any longer. We might better be on our way to join Colonel Rawdon, for he'll be beginning to think we're not coming at all."

"They haven't got away," one of the men replied. "How could they? We saw where they ran into the swamp, and it's a good half mile from here. They've got to pass this way, and if we wait we'll get 'em. We can't fail."

"All the rest have gone to Rawdon's camp," suggested the first speaker.

"Yes, and left us to get these fellows. They've got to pass this place if they try to get to the 'Swamp Fox,' for we know where he is. And if we could bring the colonel a good catch of the rebels, I'm thinking we'd be better off with Colonel Rawdon than if we had gone too soon."

"How long do you think we ought to stay here?"

"All night, if necessary. We don't need to stay awake; that is, all of us; but — "

Gavin waited to hear no more; but slowly and carefully backing from his place of concealment, he soon regained the path, and then ran swiftly until he rejoined his companions, where his arrival at once aroused the keenest interest, and his story was quickly told.

"And what now, Gavin?" inquired one of his friends.

"Let's get the whole party. There are only seven of them."

"And four of us," suggested one.

"That doesn't make any difference. If we are quick about it and as bold as General Marion has told us to be, we can get them all. I heard them say there weren't any more in the swamp, for all the others had gone to join Rawdon."

But, though Gavin pleaded and urged, his companions steadily refused to join him in what they called his "reckless" proposal.

In vain he pointed out that the Tories must be passed anyway before they could go back to Marion and his men; that there was no other way, and that a bold stroke now might not only insure a greater safety, but also secure what Francis Marion was specially eager to obtain — the Tories of the neighborhood, who were by far the most troublesome of all the men with whom the patriots had to do.

"Then I shall try it alone," announced Gavin, resolutely, at last.

"Don't be foolish, lad," said one of the men. "You'll know more some day —"

But Gavin was gone, not waiting to hear the completion of the sentence. With his gun in his hands he swiftly made his way along the path until once more he had regained his hiding place, and could see again in the firelight the place where the seven Tories were seated directly on the pathway to prevent the passing of any one without their knowledge.

There was no plan in Gavin's mind, no knowledge of just what he would do, only the determination not to be caught by his enemies and to make his way back to his leader if it lay within his power to accomplish it. As for his recreant, or more careful, comrades, he gave them not a thought.

The Tories were silent now, and Gavin could see that several of them were asleep. Even the one who was supposed to be on guard was nodding occasionally, and

it was evident that there was no fear of attack on the part of any of them.

Gavin watched and waited, but still he could not decide just what to do. Should he creep carefully through their midst, trusting to the dim light to aid him? Or should he dart past them with a shout, and rely upon the confusion that would ensue to protect him?

Suddenly he perceived, what he had not before noticed, that all seven of the men had placed their guns against the roots of a huge pine tree which had been torn from its hold by some passing storm, the upraised earth and twisted roots standing almost like a rampart. And the place was on the border of the camp, just beyond the spot where the outermost man was lying.

A grim smile crept over the young soldier's face as he slowly backed out from his hiding place. As soon as he stood once more in the pathway, he concealed his own gun, and then began to move toward the upturned roots of the pine tree. His way was circuitous, the mud was deep, his progress slow; but steadily and patiently he continued his efforts until at last, with a sigh of relief, he stood directly behind the place he was seeking.

Pausing a moment to regain his breath and to assure himself that the Tories were silent and his own presence was undiscovered, he then reached slowly forward and grasped one of the guns that were leaning against the roots. Slowly withdrawing it, he placed it on the ground behind him, and returned for a second one.

His heart was beating wildly, and his breath came in gasps; but his hands did not tremble. One after

another the guns were withdrawn, until at last he had secured all seven. Still the Tories had not been aroused, and his presence had not been discovered.

The more difficult part of the task still remained, for the seven heavy guns must be carried back to the path,

"THE STARTLED TORIES LEAPED TO THEIR FEET."

for this was what he had determined to do; and two long and painful journeys were required before the task was completed.

His success rendered him bolder, and he suddenly

decided to attempt to secure the men themselves, now that he had all their weapons in his possession. The darkness would favor him, and boldness might accomplish what mere force never could obtain.

Determinedly he cocked his gun and stepped forward. Before him he could see the sleeping men, even the negligent sentinel asleep with the others. Advancing a step, he brought his gun to his shoulder, and shouted: "Surrender! You're our prisoners, every one of you!"

The startled Tories leaped to their feet, and in a moment made a dash for the place where their guns had been left.

Gavin laughed aloud, though there was little of mirth in the sound, as he said: "We've got your guns! Don't stir, for you may run up against them, and that wouldn't be pleasant for any of us. There! That's right. Now, about face! Single file! Hands behind you! Now we'll start! Off you go!"

The frightened men, not able to see how many men were about them in the dim light, their guns gone and the very confidence of their captor leading them to believe that they must be surrounded by invisible numbers, quickly obeyed, and falling into line prepared to march.

Suddenly Gavin heard the sounds of men behind him. Not knowing whether they were friends or foes, for a moment he faltered. But quickly perceiving that they were his recent comrades who had joined him, he spoke to them, and in a brief time they had tightly bound the hands of all the prisoners, and the march for the camp of the "Swamp Fox" was begun.

Of their safe arrival there and of the welcome and praise Gavin Witherspoon received from leader and men, the story was long familiar among the patriot forces of South Carolina; and no men were warmer in their commendation than Gavin's own comrades on that eventful night. For afterward they explained to him that, shamed by his boldness, they had at last decided to follow, although they had no thought of the daring attempt which he had made. But Gavin was well content, for the outcome had justified his efforts.

Was he reckless or brave? Who shall say? At all events, young Gavin Witherspoon had done what every successful man has done before or since his day. He had turned apparent defeat into victory, and made what men sometimes call "defeat," or "failure," become the very means by which a greater success was won.

Surely Gavin Witherspoon deserves a place among the intrepid and sometimes forgotten heroes who by example and influence have made us what we are, and have taught us that it is only the cowardly or "slothful man" who stops because "there is a lion in the path."

HOW THE MAJOR JOINED MARION'S MEN

WHEN General Clinton, after his victorious march through Georgia, advanced upon Charleston in the spring of 1780, he found that General Lincoln, who was in command of the little force of Continentals in the South

CHARLESTON IN 1780.

Carolina town, was preparing to resist him. But all of Lincoln's efforts, sturdy man though he was, simply resulted in gathering into a trap many of the men and most of the resources of the colony. At last, on the twelfth of May in that year, after the British had been

rëenforced and had completely invested the town, in order to save the useless shedding of blood the city was surrendered and the three thousand Continental troops were to be held as prisoners until they were regularly exchanged.

Among those who thus fell into the hands of the redcoats was young Major Richardson, who, from the very beginning of the war, had been one of the stanchest Whigs that espoused the cause of the struggling little nation. It had been a severe trial to him to leave his young wife and little child in the beautiful house on his plantation in Sumter District; but the call of his country was not to be unheeded, and so it came to pass that with no protection at home except that which the slaves could give, the family endured the suspense and misery of the separation, an experience as hard for the devoted wife to bear as it was for her brave young husband.

No sooner had the prisoners from Charleston been sent to John's Island, than Major Richardson fell a victim to smallpox, which at the time was the scourge of the region. Before he had fully recovered from the disease, and even while the marks were still upon his face and hands, the intrepid young soldier determined to escape, using his very illness to effect his purpose. A young girl had come to the place occupied by the prisoners to obtain the body of her father, who had died from the disease. Gaining her consent to his attempt, the major wrapped himself in a blanket and shamming death, was carried out past the sentries. They had not known the girl's father when living, and supposed that the body which was taken out to

the wagon which she had waiting, was that of her father. The very boldness of his scheme favored him, and as soon as he had gained the road he set forth on foot for his home.

On his way he came unexpectedly upon a small body of British troops, and for a moment it seemed to him that all his efforts had been in vain. His quick wit came to his aid, however, and drawing his light blanket about him in such a manner as to leave his face and hands exposed, and tottering as if he was almost too feeble to stand, he advanced upon the enemy. Holding forth his hands, with a weak and trembling voice he said, "Will you not aid a poor man suffering from the smallpox?"

The soldiers gazed at him for a moment, aghast. His face bore out only too well the truth of what he said, and without stopping for a word they put their spurs to their horses and dashed up the road, giving him what most of all he desired — their room instead of their company.

Laughing lightly at the success of his trick, the major speedily resumed his journey, and not long afterward arrived at his home, where such a welcome was given him as doubtless aided much in restoring him to complete health.

He had not been at home long, however, before he said to his wife, "It will never do, my dear, for me to remain here longer."

"Why not?" she demanded.

"Because my escape is known, doubtless, long before this, and naturally a search will be made for me. My

own home will not be passed by, you may be well assured."

"But what can be done? Surely the patriots cannot longer resist here. With Cornwallis and Rawdon and Banastre Tarleton here, no stand can be made against them. There is hardly a vestige of our army left in South Carolina."

COLONEL BANASTRE TARLETON.

"Of our army, yes; of our men, no. Think you we mean to give up after these proclamations of Clinton? Never! The war is but begun!"

"But what will you do?"

"Francis Marion and Andrew Pickens and Thomas Sumter and James Williams shall answer you that!" replied her husband, warmly.

"And would you join them?" she inquired slowly.

"That I will and shall! Francis Marion shall have my

arm and sword as soon as I can take them to him! And yet I dare not go now," he added after a brief hesitation.

Quick to feel that there was a danger she had not known, the intrepid young wife said: "You have not told me all. What is it you fear?"

"A search for me here in my home. But it is more for you than for myself I am alarmed."

"The soldiers will not harm me," she replied, her eyes flashing as she spoke.

"Perhaps that may be true, but I do fear these lawless bands who belong to neither side, and who, now that for a time the redcoats apparently have prevailed, will doubtless be good subjects of the king. But they care neither for the king nor the colonies. Their only care is for themselves, and taking advantage of these troublous times, they have done, and will do, evils which each army ascribes to the other. These are the men I fear."

"What a terrible thing this war is!"

"You may well say that, and the worst of it is that it is all uncalled for. The heart of the English people is with us, and it is only a few of the obstinate, foolish men in control who have brought it about. Only lately have I heard of this fully. It seems that the English people themselves have given many expressions of their sympathy for us. A number of the officers resigned their commissions rather than fight their brothers in America. Many towns have sent petitions to the king and Parliament declaring against the war. The city of London has declared its abhorrence of the measures that are being used to oppress their 'fellow-subjects in America,' and begged the king to change his government."

"Why, then, do they fight?"

"Because the war has begun, and neither side is of the kind that knows how to give up. This war will go on till the coming of the nineteenth century if need be!" he added still more warmly.

"But what will you do now?"

"I think my best plan is to go down in the swamp and wait till I know that the plantation has been searched and that you are safe. I shall be near by if I am needed by you. I will strive to gather some of my neighbors who are as determined to go on as I. I can drill them there in the few days I shall delay, and Francis Marion will be all the stronger for my waiting."

As soon as the plan had been adopted, Major Richardson selected the best of his horses and a few of the cattle and took them with him to his retreat in Santee Swamp. This swamp was in the rear of his plantation, and extended for miles along the border of the river. Great trees grew close together and, interlaced as they were by the giant creepers, they provided many dark thickets that more than once were used by the hardy followers of Marion and Sumter.

Major Richardson selected for his own retreat a small knoll in the heart of the swamp, which was known as John's Island. Here, in an unused corncrib, he stabled his horse and also provided for his cattle. Near by was another island, familiarly called Beech Island. There some of the intrepid neighbors of the bold young major assembled, and much of their time was spent in being drilled by their leader.

A trusty slave, familiar with the pathways of the

swamp, daily carried food to the major, and once Mrs. Richardson and her little daughter ventured to visit the man in his loneliness. This was the third day after he had entered his hiding place, and the message she brought was one that almost fulfilled the fears of her husband.

GENERAL MARION IN HIS SWAMP ENCAMPMENT, INVITING A BRITISH OFFICER TO DINNER.

"They have come," she said simply.

"Who have come?"

"The Tories."

"Tories?" The officer's eyes flashed, but he became calmer in a moment, as he said, "They did not harm you, else you would not be here."

"They were rude, but I do not fear them."

"How long did they stay? And did they steal everything on the plantation?"

"They have taken all; but if they would only go away, I'd forgive them that."

"What! Are they still there?"

"Yes, and they say they are going to remain until they find you. The leader said to me this morning that if I would get word to you and you would give yourself up, they would obtain a commission for you in the regulars."

"Surely you did not come here to tell me that!"

"I came, but *not* to tell you that, for if you should be willing to do what they desire, I never should want to see you again. They have left me but one room in my house and tell me to find food where I can; but I can be as bold and brave as my husband if it is necessary," and as she spoke her eyes were as bright as those of the man by her side. Perhaps, after all, John Adams was not altogether wrong when he afterward declared that the real success of the Revolution was due to the spirit of the American women.

For a long time the husband and wife conversed, and when she departed it was agreed that she should not try to come again, for fear that she might be followed and the hiding place discovered. On the other hand, signals by a conch shell were agreed upon, by which, in case of danger, she was to inform her husband, who, with his neighbors, would at once come to her aid.

Twice did Major Richardson make his way to his home in the nights that followed, and each time managed to regain his shelter without being discovered. The faithful slave Moses brought him his food, and the daily drills

upon Beech Island continued, but the young soldier was becoming desperate. The thought of his wife in the house that frequently was filled with his enemies was almost more than he could bear. He devised various plans by which they might be driven or kept away, but his calmer comrades pointed out to him the folly of every one.

At last came the morning of the Fourth of July. There was no celebration in the swamp, though the men talked together of the "Declaration" and all were agreed that they would stand by the new nation till their freedom was not only declared, but won.

About the middle of the afternoon, Moses came with provisions for his master, and the rapid manner in which the food disappeared evidently pleased the slave, who lingered in the camp, apparently deeply interested in all that he saw.

"Well, Moses," said the major, at last, "it's time for you to go home. Your mistress will need you to keep off the Tories."

"No, suh; no, suh," replied Moses, glibly. "De Tories done gone."

"What!"

"Yas, suh; yas, suh. Dey done gone."

Leaping to his feet, Major Richardson instantly led forth his horse, and in a moment was riding swiftly along the pathway toward home. When he arrived there, the black man's statement was confirmed, for not a Tory had been left on the plantation.

Delighted at the unexpected turn of events, the major tied his horse to a post in the rear of the house and, with

his child on one arm and his wife clinging to the other, for the first time in weeks entered his own abode. It seemed almost too good to be true. For a long time they sat on the broad piazza, talking over the exciting events of the past few days and making their plans for the future. The grinning faces of the slaves added to his welcome. The birds singing on the lawn and the harsh notes of the locusts were alike musical to him. An air of peace seemed to have settled over all things.

"I must look to the wants of Corncrib," said the major, rising at last and starting for the post to which his horse was tied.

"'Corncrib'? What do you mean?"

"Oh, my steed has been renamed," laughed the major. "My friends have insisted upon calling him Corncrib ever since I've had him shut up in that crib on the knoll. He doesn't seem to object —"

Suddenly the young officer stopped, and the paleness of his own face was reflected for a moment in that of his wife. Coming up the lane from the road, both had perceived a band of horsemen riding swiftly, and one glance was sufficient to show each that the Tories were upon them.

"Run! Run for Corncrib," said the young wife, eagerly. "I'll hold them here till you can mount. Run! Run! Be quick!"

Instantly the major darted through the house, but the horsemen were at the front door by the time he had gained the rear. Striving desperately to conceal her alarm, Mrs. Richardson took her stand in the doorway,

determined to delay by every possible means the movements of her enemies.

"I thought you were gone for good and all," she said to the leader, as he approached.

"Not yet. Let me pass, madam," he said gruffly.

"Why have you come back?" she demanded, still retaining her position.

"To get your rebel husband. Let me pass, I tell you!"

The young woman was frightened, but held her place. She tried to hear the sound of Corncrib's feet departing for the swamp, but was unable to do so. If her husband should come to her aid, he would be taken, as he would be if he did not start at once for the swamp.

Suddenly her heart almost stood still, as a shout arose from the field in the rear of the house and, looking up, she beheld another band of Tories approaching from that direction. Instantly it flashed into her mind that a trap had been made for her husband. The Tories had thought that by pretending to depart they would draw her husband home and then, by surrounding the place, would secure their victim.

Turning from the doorway, she darted through the house to give her husband warning, but as she stepped out into the open air, she perceived that her words were not needed. Corncrib was running with the speed of the wind for the swamp. Behind him followed both bands of the Tories, shouting, discharging their guns, and calling upon the fleeing major to surrender.

On and on sped Corncrib. Once he stumbled and almost fell, but in a moment regained his feet and dashed

forward. Faster and faster went pursued and pursuer; and almost before the agonized woman realized that the race was ended, her husband turned for one moment and waved his hat to show that he was unharmed; and then, with one derisive shout at his enemies, he disappeared in the swamp. The crestfallen Tories, not daring to venture into the dark thickets, which might be the hiding places of numberless patriots, turned sharply about and rode back to the house.

Nor did they long remain there. Major Richardson, deciding that his presence at home was more of a menace than a protection to his wife, soon afterward with all his men joined Marion's band; and through the terrible times that followed, when South Carolina suffered as did no other state in the Union, he was one of the boldest of Marion's bold men. But of all his experiences not one was more thrilling than his celebration of the Fourth of July, 1780.

As for Corncrib, he faithfully carried his master till the battle of Eutaw Springs, when with many of the brave men the faithful animal, too, gave up his life for his country.

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